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A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

Edited by **ALGAR THOROLD**

APRIL 1934

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D.S.O., O.B.E.
2. **The Pallium in the History of the Church in
England.** By the Right Rev. **Abbot Cabrol**,
O.S.B.
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The Dublin Review

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ART. I.—ACTON: 1834-1902

IN Naples, on 10 January, 1834, at the dawn of the reign of the Great Queen of England, was born the most cosmopolitan of all eminent Victorians. He was John Emerich Edward Dalberg Acton, only child of Sir Ferdinand Richard Edward Acton by his German wife Marie Louise Pellini, daughter of the nephew of the Prince-Primate whom the great Napoleon raised to the rank of Duke of Dalberg. At the age of six John Acton succeeded his father as eighth baronet, the creation dating from 1643 in recognition of the loyalty of this fourteenth-century family to the cause of Charles I. By a singular freak of fortune, Sir John Acton, who in later years was so strenuously to oppose what he considered the excessive claims of the Papacy, owed his very existence to a papal dispensation granted to his grandfather on the paternal side to enable him to marry his niece. This was the famous sixth baronet, Sir John Francis Edward Acton, who was prime minister of the two Sicilies during the reign of the Bourbon King Ferdinand IV and the executor of his wife, the Queen Caroline's, ambitious designs. This man constitutes the link between the Acton family and their famous relative, the historian Gibbon, and it is he who is said to have got Nelson and Villeneuve to meet on the only occasion which presented itself prior to Trafalgar. Of his niece-wife's extravagant wit many anecdotes have survived, among others this, that upon being informed that wolves had devoured some Capuchin monks, she found nothing more charitable to say than, "Oh, les pauvres loups!"

From the outset, therefore, we discern in Sir John Acton's ancestry the influence of foreign blood and foreign surroundings. Yet the mediaeval proverb, "Che un Inglese italianato è un diavolo incarnato", he belied, for he set up a standard of pure-mindedness and

high principle—not in theory only but in practice—such as has rarely been equalled among all mankind.

His mother, whose London salon was long remembered as a social meeting-place for distinguished Englishmen and foreigners, remarried in 1840 and became the wife of the second Earl Granville, the Liberal statesman. Her son for a brief time went to school in Paris and thereafter was sent to the Catholic College at Oscott, then under Dr. Wiseman, subsequently Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal. Thus was Acton reared at the centre to which were attracted many of the principal personages of the Oxford Movement, including, after he had joined the Catholic Church, its founder and leader John Henry Newman. After a short stay at Edinburgh under Dr. Logan, an eminent Cambridge man who had come over to the Church of Rome, Acton, like Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, with whom he had become intimate about 1862, found English universities closed to his faith and continued his studies abroad, though, through the influence of his stepfather, Acton soon acquired that insight into the intricate working of international politics which was to be so great an asset to the scholar he ambitioned to become and, in the veriest sense of the word, succeeded in becoming. Into these years fall his visit to the United States on Lord Ellesmere's staff in 1855, and to Russia, for the coronation of Alexander II in 1856, *à la suite* of Lord Granville. In the following year came his visit to Italy in the company of Stiftsprobst Döllinger, under whose tuition at Munich university he had already sought to quench his thirst for learning. He had opportunities of acquiring knowledge of Italian affairs, seeing that Minghetti, the successor of Cavour, was a family connexion. With Döllinger he also visited France, and here as elsewhere was brought into contact with the principal representatives of learning, as with the religious and intellectual protagonists of the day, and with statesmen—with the solitary exception of Guizot.

He had already laid the foundation of his stupendous knowledge of European literature, knew Latin and Greek (though, to his regret, not Hebrew), and mastered four European languages. He had absorbed Döllinger's

method of work and acquired his passion for constant progress in research. Yet, even in those days, he shared in what he himself perceived to be his master's weakness : he was never satisfied, considered no result final, and allowed his receptive power to increase at the expense of the productive. It was a failing which became more pronounced and accounted for his comparatively small literary output.

In England his first independent action was to acquire, in 1858, a monthly periodical, called the *Rambler*, of which John More Capes, a recent convert to "Roman" Catholicism, had been proprietor during the first ten years of its existence. It was to continue to be the organ of the Liberal Catholics in England. Acton was only twenty-four years old and a learned man, and able to find correspondents all over Europe "who think for themselves and are not slaves to tradition and authority".* But, even at that age, he was under no illusions.

Those Catholics [he writes] who prefer independence, generally stick up for one or two things, and go into factious opposition whenever they do not obtain them. I would have a complete body of principles for the conduct of English Catholics in political affairs.†

Thus, fully alive to the inherent danger of the enterprise, he set to work with the enthusiasm of his years and raised the review to a high standard of excellence.

This was a gigantic achievement at a time when English Catholic literature was inferior to that of contemporary Protestant writers, and for the reason that the English Catholics had been deprived by governmental spoliation of their ancient means of instruction. As far as the clergy was concerned, it had been the act of the French Revolution which suppressed Douai, St. Omer, and other places of learning in France where during the three centuries of penal laws higher education had been maintained. This blow, which was part of the penalty paid for fidelity to the faith, struck with increased force at the laity, a small and narrow society which became intellectually dormant and self-sufficient—the

* Gasquet, *Lord Acton and His Circle* Let. I, p. 1.

† op. cit., Let. I, p. 4

great Lingard excepted. In this manner arose the Victorian taunt, often repeated, of Catholic inferiority. The matter was complicated by the influx of many distinguished converts as a result of the Oxford Movement. These came fresh from the universities and stood possessed of a higher level of culture and of a zeal, born of deep religious experience, which did not always make allowance for the unmerited shortcomings of their elder brethren.

Acton, like his predecessor Capes, set out to widen the horizon of English Roman Catholics and inspired the men whom he gathered around him with the same ambition. He wanted a high standard of education for the clergy, which, except in rare cases, provided no good preachers, or men of taste, or masters of style, or such as were acquainted with the errors of the day. "Asceticism by itself is no security without knowledge." A one-sided view of things, ignorance of the world, want of perspective in things purely religious, inadequate knowledge of the borderland where religion touches the outer world of life and ideas, would not do. "There have been heresies of false asceticism just as there have been of false speculation".*

Here is the enunciation of the transcendent Actonian principle :

Thesis : Political Science must be consistent with theology because of its moral foundation. It cannot yield like medical precepts, etc., to a higher law. . . . I understand by political science the development of the maxim *suum cuique* in the relation of the State with other States, corporations, and individuals. I find everyone saying that the interests of religion must override the precepts of politics, which seems to me a contradiction.†

Here we have the profoundly Catholic doctrine of anti-Machiavellism which upholds the same moral law in religion as in politics, in public as in private life. The keystone to Acton's character is his fervent adherence to this principle which governed every one of his actions.

Calvinists [he wrote] . . . mixed up the religious and political order, overlooking the political ; as Machiavelli did by overlooking the spiritual, one led astray by the Jews, the other by the Gentiles.‡

* op. cit., Let. 74, p. 166.

† op. cit., Let. 55, p. 130.

‡ op. cit., Let. 23, pp. 49, 50.

Again :

Church and State have the same origin and the same ultimate objects. When this was understood, there was no (need of) Concordats, e.g. with Charlemagne at the revival of the Empire or later with Otho.*

Acton beheld the high tide of positivism rush past him, but remained unmoved.

Disinterested science and faith cannot be contradictory ; they clash only by the fault of the professors of one or the other, or from imperfect knowledge.†

The following is perhaps one of the deepest passages in all his writings :

Objections to the Church from natural science are made only in the name of unbelief, but are the basis of Protestantism and of every heresy, and in one sense of every false religion. The battle of the Church is fought in each age on the battlefield and with the weapons of that age. Whatever is the absorbing problem of the day is sure to be brought to bear on her. Now, putting the question of controversy aside, the character of the present day is much more strongly marked by discoveries in the moral than in the physical science. The science of history and the science of language, and the philosophical study of jurisprudence, are all new discoveries of this century. Before this, historical controversy was nonsense, for the materials were imperfect, and the method did not exist. There is as great a difference between history now and in Gibbon's time as between the astronomy before Copernicus and after him. For this reason the controversy on this point is of greater consequence. Scientific attacks touch not the Church only, but other religions are her allies in this conflict. But historic and philosophic objections are made against her by every system, and here she has no ally. Speaking widely, I do not see that natural science is attacking religion now as it did formerly. Germany is the home of every sort of unbelief, but the bulk of eminent men of science is certainly not so uniformly infidel there as the historians or philosophers or divines. That is only one country, you will say, and it may be different here, but it is of all countries the most advanced in the ways of unbelief, it feeds the irreligion of other lands, and there is no stronger proof

* *ibidem*.

† *op. cit.*, *Let.* 98, p. 223.

of its superiority than the contempt with which such books as Buckle's are received there. . . . People who are anxious about the bearing of scientific discoveries always remind me of those who are so eager to prove the existence of Catholic dogmas in very early times, for both seem to overlook the theory of growth.*

Nevertheless Acton had to suffer for his inexperience as an editor. The *Rambler*, when he took it over, was already a tainted inheritance, for Capes, in writing on Catholic education, had "given his original article the tone of a hostile attack . . ."† If such was his attitude in a case in which he was admittedly in the right, it is easy to understand how invidious were his discussions of theological or quasi-theological matters in the eyes of Cardinal Wiseman and the Bishops generally. In the circumstances, Dr. Newman's consent to act as editor of the review under its new owner was reckoned on as of great moment. However, the authorities considered that his step identified him too closely with what was after all a small literary group of Catholics who yet had to prove their worth, and under this pressure Dr. Newman resigned after only four months. It was then that Acton committed the error of taking as editor Richard Simpson, who had acted in this capacity under Capes and, in May 1856, had launched an article on "Original Sin" which involved the *Rambler* in serious difficulties. Even Dr. Newman, who was a well-wisher, had characterized it as "flat against the Schola Theologorum and very unjustifiable".‡ Yet Simpson was one of the most distinguished converts, seeing that he was an able writer and commanded five foreign languages—French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish. He was, moreover, a Shakespearean scholar and an indefatigable worker, who, at Acton's suggestion, became one of the earliest explorers of the State Paper Office. We have Cardinal Gasquet's testimony to Simpson's exemplary piety and to his charity. Acton, though nominally at the head of affairs, was much taken up with politics and

* op. cit., Let. 86, pp. 192, 193.

† Let. Newman to Capes. Gasquet's *Introd. to Acton and His Circle*, pp. 16, 17.

‡ Gasquet, *Introd.*, op. cit., p. 23.

by long journeys abroad. He was the intellectual mentor who, by a voluminous correspondence, guided Simpson and laid down main principles indicating, often from memory, in what archives proofs were to be found and what pitfalls were to be avoided. The variety of the subjects discussed and the mastery of detail displayed were truly phenomenal. To this extent, therefore, Acton held the editor, his senior by fourteen years, in his grip. It was different when it came to the technicalities of editorship, where Simpson's experience was immeasurably the greater. Besides, he was the man on the spot who did most of the work, and often had to decide on important issues without being able to consult Acton before going to press. Consequently the bulk of the review reflected Simpson's style and his singular want of tact. Acton, intermittently, saw this clearly enough, for he spoke of the effervescence of his editor's spirits, which were liable to communicate themselves to his pen, or described him more neatly in French as one "*qui déborde un peu*".* Yet, not only was he dependent on him, but fascinated by his untiring zeal and unquestioning loyalty. Newman liked the *Rambler* because he saw in it an instrument to accomplish good. He wanted to avoid the public discussion of theology, "not on account of the badness of our theology", as Acton puts it, "but because of the offence it gives to pious ears".† Thus, for a long time, even to Newman, it was a question of prudence rather than of principle. He wanted

a laity, not arrogant, not rash of speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it and know enough history to defend it.‡

But Simpson "did not always realize the importance of subordination in doubtful and difficult matters", and occasionally pared down speculative doctrines as pious opinions. It was this tendency in him which aroused

* op. cit., Let. 45, p. 105.

† op. cit., Let. 49, p. 117.

‡ op. cit., Gasquet's *Intro.*, p. 22.

the authorities. Newman now advised that theology be cut out, but Simpson could not always refrain. Thus it happened that, despite his transparent sincerity, the breach widened. There is evidence to show that, as early as 1860, Newman hoped the *Rambler* might die a natural death.* But Acton stood by his editor and furnished him with materials and articles. His view was put forward that the Church had nothing to lose and much to gain by meeting facts as they were. If history was expounded by systematic circumlocution of the truth, what quarrel could Catholics have with Mr. James Anthony Froude, seeing that they put themselves on the same level as he?

Thus the review went on for another two years until, in 1862, it was converted into a quarterly with the title of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Newman was no longer connected with it, even indirectly, although Acton considered that he still showed great sympathy. The sphere of the review was enlarged. Acton personally undertook its management, and some of the ablest and strongest articles are by him. Simpson was only an ordinary contributor. The literary partnership was at an end, which, as Acton subsequently acknowledged, had shown "how a great part of the good things of my life had come to me from your true and generous friendship . . ."[†]

The *Home and Foreign*, the most brilliant review of the nineteenth century, did not last more than a year and a half.[‡] Although it did not escape ecclesiastical criticism, it was not condemned. Acton stopped the review instead of waiting for the threatened veto. In the last number, an article appeared which was signed by him as proprietor and stated that the Brief of Pius IX, of 21 December, 1863, referring to the Munich Congress of that year,

contained passages of deeper and more general import. . . . Catholic writers are not only bound by the decisions of the infallible Church with regard to articles of faith; they must also

* op. cit., Let. 91, pp. 206.

† op. cit., Let. 70, p. 357.

‡ July 1862-April 1864.

submit to theological decisions of the Roman congregations and the opinions that are commonly received in the schools. And it is wrong, though not heretical, to reject these decisions or opinions. . . . No Catholic can contemplate without alarm the evil that would be caused by a Catholic journal persistently labouring to thwart the published will of the Holy See. The conductors of the Review refuse to take upon themselves the responsibility for such a position.*

It was replaced four years later by the *Chronicle*, for which Sir Rowland Blennerhassett found the money. It was a weekly journal, under the editorship of T. F. Wetherell, and was to devote itself more closely to political and literary issues than to religious controversy. Acton wrote regularly for it through 1867 and 1868. It failed, as Mr. Gladstone had predicted, because it was "too Roman Catholic for the Liberals and too liberal for the Roman Catholics". True though this remark is, there was yet another cause. Blennerhassett in matters of foreign policy had imbibed the principles of "Palma Vecchio",† whereas Acton, widely speaking, moved along the lines of accepted liberal tradition. The political break between them was never repaired.

As early as 1865 Acton brought to an end a half-hearted career in the House of Commons, where he was temperamentally unfit for party strife. He never disguised his opinion.

If only I could get turned out of Parliament in an honest way [he wrote to Simpson] and settle down among my books, I should soon bring to maturity my part of the plan.

He was alluding to the intended formation of a society for the publication of materials for a Catholic history of England. Nevertheless, his presence in the House of Commons was fraught with portentous consequences. It brought him into intimate relations with Mr. Gladstone, which at the outset reposed upon a common interest in religious problems but soon acquired importance as his

* *Home and Foreign Review*, April 1864. Article entitled "Conflicts with Rome", by Lord Acton.

† Nickname for Lord Palmerston in Actonian circles.

influence upon the statesman, who was by twenty-five years his senior, widened and ended by becoming paramount.

He was thirty-five years of age when he received a peerage, taking the title of Lord Acton of Aldenham, and at Rome to hearten the small minority of prelates who resisted the dogma of papal infallibility. Pío Nono was not the first Pope to characterize the liberal era of his earlier reign as a delusion which the excesses of the Revolution had dissipated. He had already asserted his infallibility in the Encyclical of 1864, and practically enforced it when, before the Bishops' assembly in Rome in 1854, without enquiring into their opinion but also without encountering opposition, he had promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

At the time, the theological school that counted—since it comprised men who in point of learning were recognized by the Protestants as their equals—was almost wholly German, and its leader, after Möhler's death, Döllinger, then already seventy years of age and on his decline. The position was delicate, as the major part of the opposition regarded the dogma of papal infallibility itself as true and merely considered the moment inopportune for its promulgation. Even Döllinger at first rejected only the historical proof as tendered, and later, when the opposition withdrew, confined himself to the argument that the Ecumenical Council had been broken up prematurely by the incidence of the Franco-German War. Accordingly he did not consider himself bound by the unanimous vote of 11 July, 1870, by which the dogma was adopted, unless at a reassembly of the Council or at a future Council this decision was confirmed. Acton's views were extreme, and his attitude was intermittently highly provocative, especially when, much to the distress of his friends, he chose to move about the Eternal City in various disguises, giving out that the Jesuits might murder him. Such eccentric behaviour could not but strengthen the hands of his enemies.

This was the crucial moment in his career. Acton, at this particular juncture, unquestionably allowed himself to be carried away by the heat of the controversy which

raged around him. Nevertheless we cannot endorse the verdict even of so great a scholar as the late Dr. Figgis, who says that "Acton was an open assailant of the doctrine [of Papal infallibility] itself".* No doubt this opinion was widely held at the time and for a considerable number of years later. No doubt, moreover, that Acton went to the utmost limits in establishing the distinction—dominant in his mind—between membership of the Catholic Church and trust in the court of Rome. But this was, after all, the view he had already laid down in his valedictory article in the last number of the *Home and Foreign Review*, where in dignified language he had affirmed his loyalty to the Church. He was not alone in fearing the political consequences of the extreme Ultramontanist claims advanced in the Council; still less was he wrong, since it is undeniable that these precipitated the terrible conflict between Bismarck and the Church, known as the "Kulturkampf". Besides, as Abbot Gasquet truly remarks, he was at liberty to adopt any attitude towards the Vatican Decrees and the Council generally *before* the promulgation of the dogma. What mattered was solely his attitude *after* the promulgation. On this point we are enlightened by his own considered statement, in a letter to Simpson. Here he says that

Gladstone, as an English statesman, exaggerated the practical danger and that his way of imputing to Catholics all the consequences constructively involved in the Decrees admitted of a *reductio ad absurdum*.

After explaining that he, Acton, made no attack on the Council, but on Ultramontanism, he continued :

Although I carefully distinguished the system I attacked from the Decrees . . . it was at once assumed that a statement of facts derogatory to the Popes must amount to a statement of opinion inconsistent with the Council.

His attitude towards Ultramontanism was undogmatic.

* Dr. Figgis, in his article on "Acton", *Dict. Nat. Bio.* See supp. vol. i, p. 10.

I did not at all dissociate myself from the bishops of the Minority or disobey the Apostolic Constitution or in any way incur any anathema; my argument was directed against a wholly different point, namely, the theory that it is not well to let history or the truth be known.*

This clear definition of his standpoint explains what would otherwise appear incongruous, namely that, while Acton was left unmolested for several years, the blow of excommunication fell upon Döllinger. This learned man was, in truth, the victim of his utter unworldliness. Much that he had said was in itself true, but put tactlessly and at the wrong moment. Thus, to give but one instance, his contention that the papal power would be strengthened if it were freed of the cares of territorial sovereignty beyond the limits of the Vatican City, was no more than the Plantagenet Cardinal Pole had put forward in the Conclave of February 1550. It was the blunder of advancing this argument at the Odeon in Munich before the accredited representative of the Pope which made it unpalatable. That was in the spring of 1861, when, as Acton fully realized, an accommodation between the Pope and the leaders of the Italian people could by no manner of means be negotiated. Garibaldi, though conveniently disowned when the need arose, issued decrees against priests, and his confiscation of their property did not offer "the safe and sacred enjoyment of a man's property assured by laws, definite and certain".† "Revolution", taught Acton, "is the great enemy of reform: it makes a wise and just reform impossible."‡ The temper of the Liberal statesmen of the North was subtler but all the more dangerous. They undermined any attempt at reform within the Papal State because they did not want the subjects of the Pope to be content, but to yearn for them as liberators. Thus it came to pass that the People of Rome, whose pride it is that among them no heresy ever arose, longed to shake off a clerical government. It was difficult not to sympathize with them, seeing that the system had outlived itself

* *op. cit.*, Let. 176, pp. 366. It is dated 18 Dec., 1874.

† *op. cit.*, Let. 62, p. 141 ff.

‡ *ibidem*.

and become superfluous provided the Pope's sovereign status and his freedom of action were assured. The Emperor Napoleon realized it well enough, for he said to Nardi, "Il faut passer une éponge sur tout cela", meaning the Roman State.* The Pope could not sanction conscription as a means for raising an army, and a small host of mercenaries could not resist. Again, he could not recognize the right of his Chamber to refuse supply or submit to majority votes unless subject to the proviso of the ancient Hungarian Parliament: "Vota sunt ponderanda, non numeranda."

On the other hand, the Pope could not be expected to yield to violence. The Liberal Catholics, as a whole, were too much immersed in their petty squabbles to realize that peace was not to be had. Acton always had intuitively sensed their weakness. Döllinger saw it all when it was too late and regretted having caused mischief through excessive zeal. But there was no going back. He never joined the "Old Catholics", constituted in Munich in September 1871, and for the remaining nineteen years of his life complied with an ancient rule whereunder he performed his devotions in church only after sunset. On these lugubrious evenings he was often accompanied by his two principal disciples, Lord Acton and Charlotte, Countess of Leyden, soon to become Lady Blennerhassett—the historian whom the distinguished French diplomatist, Alfred Dumaine, honoured by referring to her as "la dernière Européenne".

Acton, until 1872, worked for the *North British Review*, an old-established Scottish quarterly. Then came his opportunity, for in the Franco-German crisis of 1873 he guided Lord Granville by his advice, with the result that Europe was spared another Continental war. In practical politics this was his greatest achievement. However, the coveted reward, the British Embassy in Berlin, was withheld. The relations between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse were fast changing. The German people, for whom Bismarck had achieved their unity, were being lashed into ambition—and, alas, into Anglophobia—by the writings of Treitschke. At the

* op. cit., Let. 92, p. 214.

same time, in the entourage as well as in the succession of Bismarck arose that Neo-Machiavellism which believed in the "droit du plus fort",* dissipated all good faith and sapped the newly laid foundations of Hohenzollern hegemony in Central Europe. To deal with a situation so completely altered, a sterner man was needed to represent the Great Queen than Acton had it in him to be.

To this must be added that in Germany the conflict between the Church and the State was in full swing and Acton's position as a Catholic would have been invidious.

Mr. Gladstone, whose Catholic sympathies had been alienated by the intransigent attitude of the Roman Curia, chose this moment to publish an article in the *Contemporary Review* which was entitled "The Vatican decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance". Acton, having failed to persuade him to stay his hand, immediately rallied to the defence of his co-religionists in four letters to *The Times*.† The charge against the Roman Catholics of potential disloyalty to the Crown because they owed allegiance "to a foreign bishop" was, needless to say, not new, but was now refuted in so dignified a manner and so effectively that even Newman, who rarely saw eye to eye with Acton, was highly satisfied. All questions connected with the Council of 1870 were brushed aside, and the counter-attack launched with an historical argument which was telling. The Irish had not refrained from resisting Henry II, notwithstanding the fact that two popes had conceded to him dominion over them. Similarly they fought against William III, who had the support of the pope and in whose camp the mass was said before the battle of the Boyne. As for James II, when he failed to obtain the mitre for Petre, he of all men dared tell Innocent XI that he could be a good Catholic King and rule without bothering about what they thought of him in Rome. Philip II incurred excommunication but was not deterred thereby from

* "When the sense of right and respect for the law is undermined, the *droit de plus fort* prevails. But the *plus fort* is generally up to a certain point he who is most unscrupulous in the choice of means." Op. cit., Let. 70, p. 157.

† Of Nov. 8, 13, and 21, and of 12 Dec., 1874.

ordering his army to march on the Eternal City, and, what was more, the Spanish hierarchy stood by him.

It would be well [wrote Acton] if men had never fallen into the temptation of suppressing truth and encouraging error for the better security of religion. Our Church stands, and our faith should stand, not on the virtues of men but on the surer ground of an institution and a guidance that are divine.

Thus ended his only big quarrel with Gladstone, with whom he corresponded for twenty-five years in all, with hardly an interruption.

Acton received several letters from Cardinal Manning asking him to define his attitude towards the Vatican decrees. His answers were as dexterous as those of Döllinger had been the reverse, but it must not be inferred from this that Acton was in the least uncertain as to his personal position, still less that he sought safety behind evasive replies. The fact is that Manning and Acton were men cast of different moulds. The consequence was that Acton would answer only the first question which Manning put to him. This was whether he had had any heretical intent. He replied in the negative because he considered that the Cardinal-Archbishop had some right to this assurance. As to the second question, whether he accepted the decision of the Ecumenical Council of Rome, of 1870, he did not reply, because he did not acknowledge, either then or later, that Manning had a right to ask it. The same question was afterwards put to him by his diocesan, Bishop Browne of Shrewsbury, whom he at once satisfied, so that Manning might conclude that he did not reject, but on the contrary received *ex animo* the Vatican definition.*

You know [he wrote to Manning] both by my explicit declaration to you of my intention and my meaning and by what you have learned from my bishop, that my letter to *The Times* had no reference whatever to the Vatican definition, which God forbid that I should contradict . . . If it could be shown that any passage in my letters contradicts or is inconsistent with the [Vatican] definition, or if any passage can be pointed out that is

* op. cit., Let. 172, pp. 360, 361.

otherwise heretical, I will at once retract or modify it and express my sorrow for it.*

In the circumstances, Bishop Clifford, of Clifton, answered for his orthodoxy while regretting that facts which were in themselves true had become the subject of public discussion. He was influenced by Dr. Green, Acton's confessor, who had written to a local paper to say that Acton had never, even virtually, attacked the Council. Nevertheless, Acton suffered from the assiduity of his friends more than from the machinations of his enemies, seeing that Manning could write to him, as late as 1875, that everybody was telling him that Acton did not believe in the Vatican Council.† Unable to carry the matter further—and it is not astonishing after he put forward so weak an argument—Manning decided to leave the matter to the decision of the Pope. There, fortunately, it rested, for the Vatican was better informed. As Acton admitted to Lady Blennerhassett, Newman's "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" in 1875 enabled him to accept the Vatican decrees in their entirety. He was thus no more disloyal to the last Council than to any which preceded it and remained in the Church "which was dearer to him than life itself". Years later he could tell Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff in all good faith that he had never held the slightest shadow of doubt about any dogma of the Catholic Church.‡

This brings us to the middle period of his life, which is marked by long residence abroad, partly due to financial stringency. Even so, this remarkable man would not touch a large Italian fortune because he suspected that it was ill acquired. For twenty years his literary output was limited to a few essays and two lectures—the latter delivered at the Bridgenorth Institute in 1877 being considered by Lady Blennerhassett as the highest example of his "encyclopaedic knowledge and truly great art". Even the *English Historical Review*, of which he was a

* *ibidem*.

† *ibidem*.

‡ When this gentleman asked him what he recommended a man to read who wished to become a Roman Catholic, Acton replied without hesitation, "Rothe's *Ethics*."

§ *Edin. Rev.*, vol. 197, "The Late Lord Acton", p. 531.

founder, received no more than eleven articles in six years. He planned several books, but never wrote one.* His political influence waned with that of Gladstone, but at a long last academic honours were showered upon him and throughout the world the universality of his scholarship was recognized.

He was past sixty years of age when, in 1895, Cambridge University opened its gates to him and, at the instance of Lord Rosebery, he was appointed Regius Professor of History. It was the last lap. There he stood, entrusted with the care of the younger generation in the very place to which as a youth he had been refused admission. His dearest hope was fulfilled. His lectures were largely attended by students and the general public, and those on "Modern History" and on the "French Revolution"—since published in book form—constitute his claim to fame. These six years were probably the happiest of his life. Yet he was not a hero of the lecture room. Nothing was further from him. He cherished his ideals, but knew that in politics they are never realized, though the pursuit of them determined history.† He had no patience with those who write to a preconceived theory, and be they a Thiers or a Ranke

whose cleverness won't allow them to recognize the union of greatness and genius with goodness. Their great men are Richelieu, Frederick, Napoleon without high moral virtue, and their good men are commonplace, or else dupes.‡

He had probed too deeply into human affairs to imagine that the eventual achievement, even of the greatest among men, is in accordance with that which they originally set out to accomplish. Saul who went to look for his father's she-asses, he wrote jokingly, found a kingdom; Columbus who sailed to discover the East Indies found the West Indies; the Reformation produced the Reforming Council which people had looked for for a hundred years without success.§

* Döllinger, Lady Blennerhasset and Acton shared in the same ambition of writing the life of Pope Innocent XI, and all three were prevented from realizing their project.

† op. cit., Let. 57, p. 132.

‡ op. cit., Let. 148, p. 311.

§ op. cit., Let. 52, pp. 125.

In political matters he was remarkably free of prejudice. Thus, as far back as 1861, he wrote that the British Government had carried out unnecessary centralization in India, because "divided, or rather multiplied, authorities are the fountain of good government".* He saw far ahead into our own time when, in the same year, he laid down that

a despotic State founded on the proletariat (is) naturally jealous of influences coming between it and the basis of its construction.†

His view on poor relief by means of public works was that it

nurses artificially a proletariat, a classless community, which, instead of being absorbed in its own places, is permanently relying on the State to provide for it. . . . Thus a constant danger menaces society, and the need of a strong hand perpetually saving Society and converting dictatorship into a regular form of government is kept always before it.‡

At Cambridge he delivered a lecture on the "Rise of the Prussian State",§ which concluded prophetically that :

Government so understood is the intellectual guide of the nation, the promoter of wealth, the teacher of knowledge, the guardian of morality, the mainspring of the ascending movement of man. That is the tremendous power, supported by millions of bayonets, which grew up in the days of which I have been speaking at Petersburg, and was developed, by much abler minds, chiefly at Berlin ; and it is the greatest danger that remains to be encountered by the Anglo-Saxon race.

Acton, from the beginning, looked upon it as his life's task to stimulate historical research, and at Cambridge he gathered around him keen young students. In the last century English historians wrote up authoritatively the annals of their own country, but had not the requisite method to grapple with problems of wider import. So

* op. cit., Let. 88, p. 199.

† op. cit., Let. 135, p. 291.

‡ op. cit., Let. 108, pp. 246.

§ Reprinted in *Lects. on Modern History*

true is this that it applied even to Lecky, whose *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* was outdistanced, almost as soon as it appeared, on all questions of foreign policy.* It is primarily due to Acton that in the rising generation these shortcomings were remedied. But he had been summoned too late; his characteristic zest exhausted his strength. Before the hand of death was upon him, he planned the *Cambridge Modern History* in 1899 and 1900, which, even though not realized according to his original design and published after his death, is a memorial to his memory. Its bibliography is largely his achievement.

Lord Acton, as is well known, loved to compare himself to Leopold von Ranke, the German historian, who believed himself so impartial that those who did not know him personally were supposed to be unable to tell whether he wrote from the Catholic or from the Protestant point of view.† Unfortunately this is the only claim which Acton cannot make good. Especially at the beginning of the middle period of his life, in the early seventies of the last century, he allowed himself to be carried away by bitterness of feeling and used expressions far too forcible.‡ This is true even though he subsequently modified his earlier conclusions. Besides, as Döllinger persistently contended, Acton would not make due allowance for the influence on men of the spirit of their time. Even if it be evidence of human frailty—and in a sense it is—seeing that it is of universal application, what end is served by ignoring it? The saintly Pope Hadrian VI (Dedel) was certainly of that opinion when he exclaimed: "How much it matters into what times, even the best among us, is born!"§ The tragedy of this pope's failure is that of a man born out of due time. Further, as regards the history of freedom, so dear to Acton's heart, have we not to distinguish between the man who makes the law and his successors who, until it is repealed, are bound to administer it?

* This historian knew not a word of German!

† Yet this historian was occasionally misled by the "cold-blooded astuteness of those Venetian" Ambassadors upon whose reports he relied, especially from a set preserved at Berlin. *Op. cit.*, Let. 46, p. 109.

‡ e.g. the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew".

§ Ranke, *Röm. Päpste*, Leipzig, 1872, vol. i, pp. 62, 63. The above saying is engraved upon the Pope's tomb in the German church at Rome.

English history furnishes us with an almost classic example, for the same Cardinal Pole who as papal legate at Viterbo was an exceptionally enlightened ruler became a fanatical persecutor in England.

Lord Acton's style, never very fluent, became ever more weighted with matter and more involved as the result of constant revision. The only exceptions are such letters as were truly spontaneous, but these are few, since in the bulk they were composed for an ulterior purpose: for instance, although not necessarily addressed to Mr. Gladstone, yet meant to be played into his hands. Similarly his delivery was not good and his lectures were read verbatim from manuscripts.

With greater insight, Lady Blennerhassett* has compared him to Erasmus, with whom he had in common his vast cosmopolitan erudition and his occasionally ironical evaluation of human affairs, his appreciation of the good things the world has to offer—yet without fear of what was virtually self-imposed restraint of his financial means. He was a handsome man, with a natural dignity of bearing which was truly inborn. He stood possessed of an appetite which Louis XIV. might have envied, took no exercise, gave of his knowledge with both hands to all who asked, yet without influencing anyone unless expressly appealed to.

His life was, as he himself wrote "un bien long et un bien rude travail". He expired at Tegernsee, in Bavaria, on 19 June, 1902, fortified by the rites of the Church. He was a great Christian gentleman from the cradle to the tomb who laboured for the propagation of light and the revelation of truth. Greater praise than that no man can deserve.

W. L. BLENNERHASSETT.

* *Edin. Rev.*, vol. 197, "The Late Lord Acton".

ART. 2.—THE PALLIUM IN THE HISTORY OF
THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND

THE origin of the *pallium*, like that of most of the ecclesiastical garments—the cope, for instance, the chasuble, stole, maniple, rochet, dalmatic, etc.—is wrapped in some obscurity, and archaeologists have endeavoured, and still endeavour, to throw some light on the subject.

Of all the vestments mentioned above, none has played a more important part in Church history than has the *pallium*, and we need but mention a few of the scholars who have studied the subject to show the special interest which it claims: Mgr. Duchesne, Mgr. Batiffol, Mgr. Wilpert, Dom G. Morin, Père Grisar, amongst the more recent writers, with Legg, Marriott, Fr. Thurston, and Professors J. P. Whitney and Z. N. Brooke in England.

When studying the history of the *pallium* and of the other ecclesiastical garments, one must bear in mind that in the first centuries of Christianity neither the faithful nor the clergy, not even the Pope, wore any garb which might serve to distinguish them from their contemporaries; the liturgical functions, too, were carried out in the ordinary costume of the time. So much so that Pope Celestine, writing in 428 to the Bishops of the provinces of Vienne and Narbonne, reproaches them for wishing to adopt a distinctive costume, notably a girdle (*lumbos praecinctorum*) and a *pallium* (small cloak).^{*} Several texts of St. Augustine, and others of later date, bear witness to this fact. In the sixth century Pope and clerics alike wore secular dress. Even in the eighth century the identity of civil and ecclesiastical costume still persisted.[†]

It was only later, and especially from the ninth century onwards, that specifically ecclesiastical garments were evolved, their symbolism being discussed on all sides.

The *pallium* was originally nothing more than a cloak.

^{*} Jaffé, n. 369.

[†] For this text and those cited above cf. Mgr. Batiffol, "Le Costume liturgique romain", in *Etudes de Liturgie et d'Archéologie*, Paris 1919, pp. 30—83; and Thurston, *The Month*, 1929, pp. 152—158.

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The word itself has a fairly general sense, signifying not only a cloak, but sometimes a veil, and even any piece of cloth.

It is enough to consult the glossary of du Cange to see the number of ways in which the word can be applied. Thus the cloth which served to cover the chalice was called *pallium*, from which the word *pall* evolved; whilst the veil held over the heads of newly married couples in certain provinces of France is also a *pallium*, from which the word *poêle* is derived. Formerly the term was used to describe a mantle or cloak. A Council of Orleans in 511 and one at Macon in 581, and later Pope St. Boniface, all use the word *pallium* as meaning a garment ordinarily worn, which garment is certainly not the Papal *pallium*. It is because they have not made these distinctions that certain writers have fallen into error when they attempt to do away with the lofty significance of the Papal *pallium*.

Thus, at least in the first centuries of our era, the most usual sense of the word was that of mantle. To philosophers especially was reserved the wearing of a long and modest-looking cloak; and they were thus distinguished from the simple citizen by the *pallium*. Marcus Aurelius proclaims it the badge of the Stoics. St. Justin, who had passed from philosophy to Christianity, retained his *pallium*. A little later, about 204, Tertullian caused quite a sensation at Carthage, where he was well known, by exchanging one fine day the Roman toga he had previously worn for the *pallium*. Everyone was surprised, some laughed, others were scandalized, so much so that Tertullian sharpened his best pen and wrote a treatise *De Pallio* which is one of the most amusing and curious pamphlets handed down to us by history. Moreover, it is one of the most instructive, for in the middle of a number of picturesque details we learn that the *pallium* was at that time also adopted by Christian ascetics; and it was doubtless as a new adept from Montanism that Tertullian changed his skin!

We are not astonished, therefore, that in the fourth century St. Martin also wore the *pallium*.

But in the course of time the *pallium* had to submit to

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many changes. In the fifth century it had become a simple scarf, like so many other garments transformed by fashion; but to mark its difference from the vulgar "comforter" which it resembled it was made of precious stuff, and its use reserved to great personages. One of the treasures of the Kensington Museum is an ivory diptych representing a consul, who is wearing over his tunic a scarf believed to be the *pallium*. Other memorials of the same epoch, such as the ivory tablet of Trèves (sixth or seventh centuries), also represent a *pallium*, which we find again in the mosaics at Ravenna and on a monument in the Lateran.*

In these examples the cloak, which was the primitive form of the *pallium*, has thus become a simple scarf. Mgr. Duchesne tells us not to be surprised at this. "Anything of this kind," he says, "is possible. The Religious of certain Congregations of Regular Clerks (at Mount St. Bernard, for example) actually wear over their habits a band of linen which hangs down before and behind. It is only three fingers wide. Yet it is in reality a rochet, that is, a long tunic with sleeves. After that we can hardly be astonished to see a cloak turn into a scarf" (p. 387).

It is generally believed that the ecclesiastical *pallium*, and also the stole, come down in a more or less direct line from this adornment of the laity. We must not, however, forget that the origin of the ecclesiastical *pallium*, as well as that of all the other ornaments, cope, chasuble, stole, maniple, rochet, tunic, planeta, cyrrus, dalmatica, etc., are enveloped in a certain degree of obscurity.

Besides the memorials already mentioned we have texts which may serve as indications. Thus Isidore of Pelusia, a monk of the first half of the fifth century, tells us that Bishops wore an ὀμοφόριον (humeral) of wool, not of linen. This can be nothing else but the *pallium*.

* Garucci would see the *pallium* as early as in glasses of the fourth century, but this opinion is not upheld. There are other examples of representations of the *pallium* in the sixth and seventh centuries. Pope Sixtus II, Pope Cornelius, St. Cyprian, St. Optatus, wear the *pallium* over the *planeta* in the painting of the catacomb of St. Callistus. Thus too in the description of John the Deacon it is a question of the *pallium* of Pope St. Gregory. The consular diptych at Monza represents Pope St. Gregory in the dress of a consul. But this diptych has no doubt been retouched and may possibly be only a copy.

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He even gives its symbolic meaning. The Bishop, who is the figure of Christ, does the work of Christ, and by his garment (of wool) he shows that like Christ he bears the infirmities of his flock.*

In his very interesting book on the *pallium*, Jules Repond gives many illustrations which represent Our Lord, the Apostles, the Saints, the Orantes, in the frescoes or sarcophagi of the catacombs with the *pallium*, and he describes the different ways, according to the fashion of the times, of folding the *pallium*.†

The *ὑμφορίον*, which is usually identified with the *pallium*, had thus been carried to the East by the Bishops, and that from the fifth century. Was it thence that it passed to Gaul, to Spain, to Africa? We saw that the Council of Macon in 583 ordained that Bishops were to wear it at Mass.‡ Was this *pallium* the same as the Papal *pallium* of which we are going to speak? We may well ask the question. Here again there seems to be a gap which can only be bridged by hypotheses.

However this may be, here is what can be drawn from the texts. We shall not take account of a text in the *Liber Pontificalis*, which relates that Pope Marcus (d. 351) conferred the *pallium* on the Bishop of Ostia; for it is not considered as possessing serious historic value. One incontestable fact, a little later, is the concession of the *pallium* to St. Cesarius of Arles by Pope Symmachus (498-514). Not long after, Vigilius (537-555) accorded the same favour to another Bishop, Auxanius, but not without having requested permission to do so from the Emperor Justinian by the intermediary of Belisarius; a permission, however, which was liberally granted.

A fact of this kind naturally excites reflection. It might be asked, if the Pope is thus led to ask permission of the Emperor to concede the privilege of the *pallium*

* Batiffol cites another and more ancient text. St. John Chrysostom accuses three Deacons of having stolen his *ὑμφορίον* (pp. 67, 68). To take this garment from a Patriarch was to depose him. In the same way at Rome in 537 the *pallium* was taken from Pope Liberius when he was deposed. (Bat., 69.)

† Jules Repond, "Les secrets de la draperie antique: De L'Himation grec au Pallium Latin", p. 157; in *Studi di antichità cristiana*, Rome, 1933.

‡ This text, says Duchesne, should be read "Bishops", and not "Archbishops", as has sometimes been the case.

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to a Bishop, must it not mean that originally, let us say in the fifth century, the *pallium* was an ornament conceded by the Emperor to the great dignitaries of the Empire? It seems probable that the Emperor wished to honour the Popes by conferring it on them, and that they gave it as a mark of confidence, as Symmachus did to Cesarius, or even, as in that particular case, as a sign of jurisdiction.* It is almost what we find in the donation of Constantine; but this does not prove much, as the document is known to be apocryphal. Still, it must be of the ninth century, and perhaps contains an echo of the past. What is certain is that in the time of St. Gregory, that is, the end of the sixth century, the Papal *pallium* has a definite character of its own. Gregory sends it to certain Bishops, especially to Metropolitans or Archbishops, as a sign of their jurisdiction and of their dependence on the Holy See. It was thus that he sent it to St. Augustine of Canterbury. The same Pope St. Gregory reproaches John, Bishop of Ravenna (575-595), among other things, with wearing the *pallium* when not at Mass, especially during processions and litanies. The Pope attaches the greatest importance to these facts, and returns to them again and again in his correspondence. We know that the Bishops of Ravenna, a city which had become the residence of the Imperial delegate, the Exarch, had at one time acquired habits of independence and even of hostility as regarded the Popes. Thus it has been asked if Maurus, Bishop of Ravenna in the seventh century, received the *pallium* from the hands of the Pope or those of the Emperor -

There are many other instances which prove that the *pallium* was an ornament conceded by the Pope, and a sign of jurisdiction. About the year 866 Solomon, a king of Brittany (Armorica), asked the *pallium* of Pope Nicholas I for Faustinien, Archbishop of Dôl. In this letter, now lost, the king urged that Faustinien's predecessors, Restbold and Guthanael, had themselves received the *pallium*, the first from Pope Severinus in 640,

* This at least is the idea of Marca, adopted by Duchesne, but contested by Batiffol (pp. 60, 61). Wilpert assigns another origin to the Papal *pallium*; his hypothesis is contested by Batiffol (p. 63), and also by Braun and Eisenhofer.

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the second from Pope Hadrian (772-795), and that documents proving these facts must exist in the archives at Rome. The Pope replied (*P.L.*, t.cxix, col. 970) that nothing regarding the matter had been found in the Roman archives. Duchesne considers that Faustinien (we ought to say Solomon, since it was he who wrote) is either a deceiver or himself deceived; and that it is most improbable that in the seventh, or even in the eighth, century Breton prelates "only just within the communion of the Pope should have received the *pallium*".*

In 745 St. Boniface, the great missionary, held a Synod in which it was declared that the *pallium* could be obtained only from the Pope.† A little later, in Ireland, we find St. Malachy, after having retired, asking for the *pallium* for his successor at Armagh, and for the new Archbishop of Cashel. He came to Rome himself to present this request to Pope Innocent II, in 1139. He obtained the erection of Cashel into a Metropolitan See, but as regarded the *pallium* the Pope desired that the question should be examined in a national Council. If all the Irish clergy were favourable to the request, the *pallium* should be granted. This Council was not held until 1148, and in 1152 a Legate *a latere* was sent to Ireland to call another Synod at Kells. In this Synod, which was a celebrated one (1152), the Church in Ireland was constituted on a new footing; divided into four ecclesiastical provinces; while to the two Metropolitan Sees already existing Dublin and Tuam were added. Armagh remained the seat of the Primacy of Ireland, and the Legate brought with him two *pallia*, one for each Metropolitan.‡

While conceding the *pallium* to those Bishops or Metropolitans whom he wished to honour, the Pope used it himself during ceremonies. Thus the most ancient of the *Ordines Romani*, the first, which is certainly not later than the eighth century and may be much

* *Bulletin crit.*, 1884, p. 247. Cf. also Thurston, in *Month*, Aug. 1929, p. 156.

† *Affaire de S. Boniface et du Pallium*, Hefelé-Leclercq, *Histoire des Conciles*, t. III (2nd. P), p. 846 seq.

‡ Dom Gougaud, *Christianity in Celtic Lands*, p. 403 seq.

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earlier, describes the vesting of the Pope with the *pallium* before Mass by a subdeacon.

The *pallium* has played a great part in the history of the Church in England. As we have seen, St. Augustine of Canterbury received it from St. Gregory I, and it was thus that the *pallium* made its entry into England. Since that moment (the end of the sixth century) we often hear it spoken of. The Archbishops of Canterbury usually went to Rome to receive it. The *pallium* was not transmitted to a successor, the dead Archbishop being buried with his *pallium*. There is one exception to this rule, that of Lanfranc, who had two *pallia* (Thurston, loc. cit., 324).

In the *Life of St. Anselm* we have a long account of Cardinal Gautier d'Albano coming to Canterbury to bring him the precious ornament. We are told that Anselm went barefoot to the altar on which it was laid, and took it himself, for it was not imposed on him by the Cardinal in person, as is the present custom. (See description, with formula and prayer, by Martin Rule loc. cit.) Ralph of Rochester, when translated in 1144 to the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury, was obliged to have recourse to the Pope in order to obtain the *pallium*. Paschal II at first refused to recognize this election, but, yielding to the pleading of Anselm, Abbot of St. Saba in Rome, and nephew of the great Anselm, he eventually sent the *pallium*, entrusting the delivery of it to Abbot Anselm himself, as Papal legate.*

But this custom of the *pallium*, which so clearly shows the bond which attached England to the Holy See, has naturally raised objections amongst Anglican historians. With regard to that *pallium* which was carried to Rochester by a suffragan of Canterbury, G. F. Browne appears to consider that the *pallium* only reached its full importance and deepest meaning after the time of St. Gregory.† But whatever may be the case as regards Paulinus, we must not forget that before St. Gregory both Symmachus and Vigilius gave the *pallium*, as we

* Z. N. Brooke: *The English Church and the Papacy*, 1931, p. 168.

† Browne (Rt. Rev. C. F.), *The Conversion of the Heptarchy*, ed. 1906, p. 18.

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have already seen, and gave it as the sign of distinction and special authority to certain Bishops.

Even more recently, in connection with a lecture delivered at the Church congress at Cheltenham (1928) Fr. Thurston, S.J., showed to Professor J. P. Whitney, by means of texts and facts which to my mind are irrefutable, that even in England the *pallium* constituted a bond of subordination and obedience between the Holy See and the Bishop who received it; and that if, as regards England, the formula of the profession of faith for that time has not yet been discovered (viii-ix, 1) there is no reason for thinking that in this country the same procedure in connexion with the *pallium* was not followed exactly as it was everywhere else, when this privilege was conferred.*

In order, however, to dissipate any idea of equivocation, we may make one remark. We do not think that any important historian or Catholic theologian has attempted to find, in this history of the *pallium*, a great argument proving the Papal Primacy and the legitimacy of the power of the Popes. Their prerogatives, happily, rest on more solid and more ancient foundations. But on the other hand Protestant controversialists leave no stone unturned in their attempts to prove that the *pallium* has been worn by others than Metropolitans, or that it was not always conferred by the Pope. However this may be, it has no power to disturb our own serenity. We hold to the preceding explanation, which we have made as impartial as it was possible to make it.

It is enough to say that, dating from a certain time, probably the sixth, possibly the fifth, century, the *pallium* was an attribute of the Popes, and that from that time they granted it as a sign of jurisdiction and as a special bond between a Bishop and the Holy See. And we will leave Vespasiani to believe that the *pallium* was the garment of St. Peter which he transmitted to his successors.

The custom was naturally interrupted when England separated herself from Rome, but it has been renewed by

* Thurston, *The Month*, Aug. 1929, p. 152 seq. Martin Rule in the *Life of St. Anselm*, gives the Prelate's letter, which is a true profession of Faith.

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the Archbishops of Westminster. Thus the *pallium* has passed from Canterbury the unfaithful to the See of Westminster, legitimate heir of St. Augustine of Canterbury and his successors. The two first Archbishops, Cardinals Wiseman and Manning, received the *pallium* in Rome, but Cardinal Vaughan received it in London, and, for the first time since Cardinal Pole in 1556, an English Cardinal received the sacred *pallium* in the capital city of his own land. It was on that occasion that Fr. Thurston wrote an article on the *pallium* in the *Month*, 1892. In 1903 Cardinal Bourne also received it in London.

What is really curious is that the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury, by one of those anomalies so often found in Anglicanism (you will remember the title *Defensor Fidei* on English coins), have retained the *pallium* in their arms, where it occupies a very prominent place. There is no *pallium* in the arms of York. Dublin and Armagh have the *pallium*, but there are four crosses on that of Dublin, while there are five on that of Armagh.

Before ending, a few details may be given as to the manner in which the *pallium* is blessed. The *Pontifical* gives a very short chapter, *De Pallio*, after the Consecration of Bishops.

For the Feast of St. Agnes (Jan. 21) the Apostolic subdeacons are charged to procure two lambs, who are to furnish the wool of the *pallium*. The anthem *Stans a dextris ejus Agnus nive candidior*, etc., was sung. (For other details, see Morin, p. 253.) The blessing of the *pallium* was accomplished during the First Vespers of the Feast of St. Peter. Benedict XIV re-edited the details (*ibid.*, p. 264). The most ancient rite of this ceremony consisted in laying the *pallium* on the tomb of St. Peter, whence the formula: *De corpore Beati Petri sumptum*.

Books, we are told, have their destiny: *Habent sua fata libelli*. As much might be said of the *pallium*, as well as of certain other items of ecclesiastical costume. They have a history, and a long history. I was only able to treat that of the *pallium* here very briefly.

In any case you can see that it has made way since the day when St. Justin and Tertullian borrowed it from

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the philosophers and ascetics to cover their shoulders. In the East, and a little later in Gaul, Africa, and Spain, it was worn by Bishops as a symbol of their pastoral ministry. At Rome it was raised to great dignity by the Consuls, and doubtless in remembrance of this fact it was adopted by the Popes. In their hands it was soon clad with singular authority and became a sign of jurisdiction and of union with the Holy See ; so much so that a Metropolitan would not consider himself in possession of the plenitude of his power had he not been to seek his *pallium* at Rome, or received it from the hands of a Pontifical delegate.*

Like the other items of ecclesiastical costume, it was originally purely a civilian garment. But, through the ages, its shape has been gradually transformed. First a cloak, it next becomes a simple scarf, and a certain effort of the imagination is necessary to imagine it a cloak again.

In any case, to-day, and for many centuries, the *pallium* possesses its own importance. Worn during all ceremonies by the Archbishop of Westminster, it recalls a thousand years of history, a glorious history in which England, grafted into the trunk of the Catholic and Roman Church, displayed the *pallium*, which had rested on the Confession of St. Peter, as the symbol of her union with Rome and with the Catholic Church.

F. CABROL.

* The *Decretum* or *Collectarium* of Burchard, Bishop of Worms, an early eleventh-century document, which was to be law during the Middle Ages, and of which the primary object was to ratify the episcopal powers, makes it clear, none the less, that all Metropolitans have to send their profession of faith to the Pope and petition for the *pallium* within the three months following their consecration. (Cf. Paul Fournier, "Le Décret de Burchard de Worms", in *Revue d'histoire ecclésiastique*, t. XII, p. 468 seq. The number of dissertations or other works upon the *pallium* is considerable. Moroni, in his article "Pallium", quotes as many as fifteen, and many more have appeared since then.)

ART. 3.—EVOLUTION AND THE CONCEPT OF SPECIES

THIS is, in many respects, a rather serious time for theoretical biology; to get a parallel it would perhaps be necessary to go back to the thirteenth-century controversy around the doctrine of two truths between St. Thomas Aquinas and the Latin Averroists, of whom the greatest name is Siger of Brabant. Averroës, faced with the problem of reconciling Aristotelian philosophy with the Koran, had fallen back on the idea that there are two kinds of truths, not necessarily compatible and conceivably contradictory. In this he was followed by some of the Parisian doctors with Siger of Brabant at their head. It is principally to the influence of Aquinas that we owe the eventual disappearance of this dangerous and anarchic doctrine.

That menace had in a certain sense roots in theological difficulties. The threat, equally grave, with which we are faced at the present time has no conceivable relation to such questions; it is of purely scientific origin and arises out of the speculations of the mathematical physicists. Everyone remembers that during the years immediately following the war, when the excitement regarding the theory of relativity was at its height, mathematical physicists of great eminence poured out on the defenceless public a mass of most incredible and fantastic statements, and seemed to vie with one another in their attack on common sense.

It is quite true, of course, that there are certain beliefs popularly classed under the head of common-sense, based on incorrectly interpreted appearances or insufficient information, and that naturally disappear with a closer study of things; as, for example, the belief that the earth is flat, or that decomposition of organic matter generates life. No one regrets the disappearance of such notions. But there is another common-sense from which we get the primary intuitions which constitute the basis of all our rational activities, such as the conviction that nothing can exist without a sufficient cause, the principle of contradiction, and so on. These

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are the things that are now menaced. For example, a few years ago there appeared in a weighty American review an article by a Professor of Physics in a well-known transatlantic university, dealing with the Quantum Theory. In the course of his article the Professor in question asserted that the results of certain phases of modern scientific work are definitely contrary to logic and concluded that this is simply so much the worse for logic—in other words, so much the worse for reason.

Now the possibility of science is based upon the assumption that the mind can ascertain truth about nature, truth being, as it were, a kind of correspondence between the mind and things—*adequatio rei et intellectus*. As the mind attains truth by means of reason we can understand nature *only so far as it is reasonable*; science is founded on what Meyerson calls the *reasonableness of reality*.

It is, of course, impossible to construct any scientific argument without logic; the attempted attack on logic being itself conducted, as far as possible, by methods of logic and carrying conviction only in so far as it appears to be logical; the argument is thus self-destructive. Furthermore, it is, I think, impossible to induce anyone to abandon logic; the natural rectitude of reason forbids this. But what is possible—and here is the danger of this kind of thing—is to create in the minds of people, and especially young people, a distrust of reason, a disgust of logical argument, and, finally, a total loss of interest in questions of the more speculative order.

It is therefore necessary, and more than ever necessary at the present time, for us to examine with the greatest care our hypotheses in regard to the problems of biology, in order to make sure that they really conform to the exigencies of reason. The mathematical physicists, for certain reasons on which there is no time to enlarge, can indulge in their illogical exercises with comparative impunity; but any attempt to do this in a science like biology would be fatal.

This requirement applies with particular force to such delicate and difficult problems as evolution. For one

hundred years we have been discussing the problem of evolution. But as it seems to me, certain difficulties still remain.

It may be assumed, as I think the most meticulous critic will allow, that there is *some truth* in the doctrine of evolution, or, in other words, that the doctrine of evolution *in a certain sense* corresponds to the truth. The first question we have to face is, of course, in what precise sense it is true. That living forms, susceptible of definition and having clearly defined characteristics, can give rise to others having characteristics just as clearly defined but different from those of their progenitors, constitutes, as it seems to me, the central doctrine of evolution, and in regard to this there can be no possible disagreement, because the process has gone on and is going on before our eyes, and there is no reason to suppose that it has not gone on in the past.

But what we have to decide is whether changes of the quality and magnitude of those which we can demonstrate experimentally are sufficient to account for all of the diversities that we observe in the world of life. In other words, *are the possibilities of evolution limited or unlimited?*

We may as well frankly admit, and I think most of us do admit without hesitation, that it is impossible to prove that the possibilities of evolution are unlimited—that it is impossible to prove, for example, that all the living forms which exist or have existed have arisen from some very simple common ancestor by a process of direct descent.

It is, of course, possible to assume or to suppose that evolution is an all-embracing and transcendent process and to attempt the construction of a philosophical explanation of the formation of the universe based upon this idea. No naturalist of modern times has attempted this task, but it has been carried out with unequalled amplitude, comprehensiveness, and subtlety by Henri Bergson, whose philosophical system, making of change as it does the ultimate substance of things, constitutes, it seems, the only logically possible evolutionary metaphysic.

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It does not seem, however, that the naturalists have received this great gift with much enthusiasm. They occasionally refer, in guarded terms, to the doctrine of creative evolution, but they seldom attempt to expound it, much less apply it to a problem of physics or biology. For this the extreme difficulty of the method of exposition and the subtle character of the argument are partly responsible; but the most important reason is, I think, a much deeper one and has to do with Bergson's theory of knowledge, which is, of course, a necessary complement of his ontological system.

Bergson assumes, as I have said, that the *substance* of things is change, that change is the ultimate reality, and that consequently in order to know reality we must rely not upon the reason and the intelligence, which, as they are analytic and conceptual, decompose the dynamic flux of reality into an unreal mosaic of static elements, but on an intuitive, instinctive, and non-rational faculty, which allows the thinker to plunge into the moving flood of change and know it by identifying himself with it. The knowledge of reality thus becomes rather a work of art than one of reason, something reached by intuitive sympathies and expressed in metaphors and poetic symbols, rather than in the so-called artificial framework that logic provides.

Now the simple fact is that no matter how convinced an evolutionist he may be in theory, no naturalist and, more especially, no biologist can work and think in that way. The systematic zoologist may assert that he is the most thoroughgoing evolutionist and even that he adheres completely to the evolutionary metaphysic as laid down by Bergson, but as soon as he sits down at his table and begins to work on his specimens he begins at once to sort things into categories, to limit and define, and as he does so is perfectly satisfied that he is in direct contact with reality and that the method he adopts suffices to make reality known. In other words, although he may do his best to believe in his evolutionary metaphysics, he cannot live it. He cannot think without logic or define without concepts; and, finally, if he is to retain any belief in his work and in the validity of his science

he must, in point of fact, proceed on the assumption that something corresponding to his concepts and his definitions actually exists in nature—that through them he attains a true knowledge of reality. In other words, he really cannot help admitting that there is a *fixity* in nature, that a variety of different and distinct things actually exists.

The zoologist may assert, and often does assert, that he disbelieves completely in the reality of species, but in practice it is in the definition of these alleged unrealities that he actually spends his life.

I am not attempting to lead up to the statement that what the systematist ordinarily calls species are immutable or that there is nothing in the doctrine of evolution, but what I do say is if it comes to the doctrine of evolution in the widest sense, that is to say to the idea that the possibilities of evolution are unlimited or that change is the substance of things, we simply do not believe it. It simply can't be done.

We work, then, on the basis that there is in organic nature at least a relative fixity; that this relative fixity exists in the types which constitute the material of our ordinary studies. I submit that this practical recognition of a relative fixity implies somewhere an absolute fixity, and I think that one of the greatest problems in the theory of evolution is to define the limits of this fixity within which we must admit that the evolutionary movements are confined, unless we wish to return to the fundamental evolutionary metaphysic which we recognize in practice to be unthinkable.

We can approach the subject from another angle: the world of living forms constitutes, in a certain very definite sense, a co-ordinated whole, the parts of which are interdependent, relying for their continued existence upon their relations one with the other and with the whole. It may be that in the past we have rather tended to overestimate this interdependence of organisms and have tended to explain the universe in terms of concepts which are rather too utilitarian, but there can, I think, be no question that the interdependence really does exist, and if this be true it follows that the continued existence

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of the whole demands as a sufficient reason the continued existence of certain essential parts. All of the elements in the cosmic machine cannot be infinitely plastic.

Furthermore, it is, as it seems to me, impossible to regard the world of life in an unprejudiced and objective manner without coming to the conclusion that it contains a certain number of types which are absolutely irreducible, between which, in other words, it is not possible to imagine anything in the nature of a real transition. Three of these irreducible types seem to be constituted by the plant, the lower animals, and man. It is true that it is difficult to distinguish the manifestations of the cognitive powers of the animal from the mobile reactions of the plant when we consider these at their lowest levels, just as it is impossible to define empirically the limits between the circle and the ellipse although the essential laws of these two forms are fundamentally different. It is also true that there is a number of forms intermediate between man and the lower animals, of whose nature the zoologist is doubtful, as well he may be considering that the mental difference between man and the lower animals is out of all proportion to their difference in structure. But to rely on such dubious and difficult cases is to balance the immense pyramid of evolutionary theory on a very small point. When one considers these three categories in their typical representatives—the average plant, the average animal, the average man—the overwhelming differences between them can no longer be concealed. So far as I am concerned, I cannot honestly conceive how there could possibly be a transition, an intermediate between the vegetative life of the plant and the sensory life of the animal, or between the mental powers of the animal and those of man. To talk about the Evolution of the Intelligence more especially seems to me exactly like talking about the evolution of the truth that $2 + 2 = 4$.

To anyone who finds it necessary for his peace of mind to believe in a doctrine of evolutionary continuity, according to which all the living forms that now exist and have existed in the past have been produced by the

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gradual modification of some simple ancestral organism under the action of environmental agencies as we know them, this idea of a fundamental discontinuity in Nature will no doubt seem revolting. Such a person will quite properly ask where the so-called irreducible types come from if not from lower and simpler types. To such a question the only honest scientific answer we can give is that we have no information on this subject, but that we are nevertheless forced, on *purely rational grounds*, to admit the permanence of certain fundamental organic types, the superficial, transient, *accidental* changes of which constitute evolution; which is simply another way of saying that there are, in the organic world, things that change as opposed to the view that things *are* change. These fundamental realities which form the basis of the cosmic harmony also constitute what may be termed, in a strict philosophical sense, the *natural species*, the definition of which is the real though the unavowed goal of the systematic biologist.

Whether the definition of these natural species is even possible is perhaps open to question. The enterprise is obviously surrounded with difficulties, and the problems involved are perhaps insoluble.

There is, however, one avenue of approach which has even yet not been completely explored, and that is the one provided by Cuvier's celebrated principle of correlation. The root idea of the principle of correlation is one which seems to be fundamental to Science, although in recent years the mathematical physicists have made strenuous efforts to annihilate it. It is, as I have already said, the idea termed by Meyerson the *reasonableness of reality*, or, in other words, the belief that the organic forms with which we are dealing, the materials of our science, are susceptible in a high degree of a rational interpretation—that animal morphology is something essentially *intelligible*—that structures, forms, colours, and patterns have a *meaning*. In his celebrated *Discourse on the Revolutions of the Globe*, Cuvier formulated this idea in a striking manner.

Every organized being [he said] forms a *whole*, a unique and

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closed system, whose parts mutually correspond and contribute to the same ultimate action by reciprocal reaction. None of these parts can change unless the others change also, and consequently every one of them taken separately indicates and implies all the others.

Thus, as I have said [he goes on], if the intestines of an animal are organized in such a way that it can digest only fresh flesh, its jaws must be constructed to devour a prey, its claws to seize it and tear it; its teeth to cut and divide it up, the whole system of its organs of movement to pursue and attain it; its organs of sense to perceive it from afar off. Nature must have placed in its brain the instinct necessary to conceal itself and prepare an ambush for its victims. Such are the necessary conditions of the carnivorous regime. Every animal destined to this regime will infallibly reunite them, for its race could not subsist without them.

As I intend to show later, the application of the Cuvierian principle of correlation is much more difficult in practice than might be imagined from the passages I have quoted; though it is only just to say in other parts of his work the illustrious anatomist formulated it in much less rigid and more guarded terms; but in spite of these practical difficulties in its application we must, I think, recognize that it embodies a truth of the very highest importance. An organized being, just like a machine, represents, so to speak, the concrete embodiment of a certain idea of vital activity, of living function. It is as impossible to suppose that it can continue to function, unless the variations of the several parts in relation to the others and to the organism as a whole are restricted within certain limits, as to believe that a motor-car would continue to function satisfactorily if wheels, chosen at random, were substituted for those indicated by the designer of the machine.

In order to explain away this difficulty it is sometimes said that adaptive correlations could arise through the action of chance, provided a sufficiently long time is allowed. It is sufficient to answer that mere duration cannot in any way compensate for the absence of a cause proportionate to the effect. But perhaps a concrete example will make this more clear.

Let us suppose that we have on a sheet of cardboard a

heap of little wooden cubes that we wish to arrange in such a way that they form the word EVOLUTION, and that we attempt to attain this end by tossing the cubes on the cardboard. Our chances of success would be very much greater than that of obtaining by the work of chance the correlated adaptations we find in the organic world. Let us, however, admit, for the sake of argument, that if we tossed the cubes a few billion times they might some day fall in such a way as to form exactly the word EVOLUTION. It would, nevertheless, be a great error to suppose that this result could be obtained by successive stages—that after having once obtained the letter E, for example, we should have advanced a single step toward the integral realization of the desired end. The next toss, since it would necessarily annihilate the first success, would bring us back to our starting-point; and would do so *because chance alone can do nothing to conserve what corresponds to the end after each attempt*. Time has in itself no creative virtue whatever, being merely, as Aristotle says, the number of movement, a measurement of change. It is true that living organisms possess something that is absolutely lacking in the machine; that is, the power of adaptability or auto-regulation, which allows them to compensate within reasonable limits for any local variation. Nevertheless, so far as any positive evidence goes, it indicates that the limits within which that compensation can take place is relatively small, and it seems very difficult, and indeed impossible, to imagine either that the activities of the organism itself could result in a fundamental change in its architectural type or that its existence could be maintained if it were thrown to the unguided influences of chance.

This very real difficulty has been obscured by the statement so frequently repeated in biological textbooks, that protoplasm, usually defined as a greyish, amorphous, jelly-like substance, is the physical basis of life. It would be nearer the truth to say that there is in reality no such thing as protoplasm, because protoplasm is merely an abstraction. Organisms belonging to certain specific types are the only things in which life, as we know it, manifests itself. Encouraged by the widespread

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belief that the essential basis of living things is something formless and consequently that there are no such things as laws of organic forms, the constructors of phylogenies have given their imagination free range. Nothing more than a little ingenuity and determination is required for such work. One can always imagine transitional forms between any two living beings, no matter what they may be, just as one can imagine intermediates between two machines of any kind whatsoever. The difficulties arise when one attempts to imagine intermediates between a typewriter and a bicycle, of which each corresponds to some definite end. The same thing holds true for the intermediates between two living things. It is not sufficient for these to be theoretically susceptible of representation. Each of them must correspond in itself to a very definite end, which is to live, and it may be, that the gaps between the great groups, between the *phyla* for example, correspond precisely to certain impossibilities in regard to architectural, functional correlation. As Koken pointed out long ago, the ancient world was not populated by mere diagrams.

Nevertheless, although it seems that there must be some valid foundation for the idea of Cuvierian correlation, the application of this idea has proved difficult. Professor Osborne has pointed out that while some herbivora run like the horse, some climb trees, while others are aquatic in habit, and that it is therefore impossible to admit, as Cuvier believed, that the form of a tooth necessarily implies the form of a condyle, that of the scapula, that of the hoof, and so forth. The American monkey of the Eocene *Noetharctus* has teeth very similar to those of *Orohippus*, which proves that the teeth of a primate may be very similar to those of an ungulate, while the limbs of these beings are completely different.

Furthermore, if we consider carefully what the systematist ordinarily calls species, it seems true, as Robson and Richards have shown, that the characteristics which distinguish them have, in many cases at least, no assignable relation to the specific vital movement, that is to say are non-adaptive, and consequently have no

necessary relation to the other parts of the organism, at least from the functional standpoint. Therefore, if natural or philosophical species correspond to the Cuvierian correlation it is evident that the species of the systematist are often far below that level in spite of their relative stability.

We must, I think, admit that the relation between geometric forms and function is to a very large extent a contingent relation, as I believe Professor Watson pointed out at one of the meetings of the British Association a few years ago. The fact is that if we attempt to dig down to the ultimate foundations of the principle of correlation and ask ourselves what is exactly the real foundation of our interpretation of morphology, we find that our ideas on the function of an organ have no other basis than observation. A person who has never seen a flying animal would have great difficulty in understanding the use of wings. If he guessed right, it would only be by using an analogical reasoning, materials for which were obtained from observations made on the function of the locomotory appendages of other animals. Observation is the real foundation of our morphological interpretations which repose not on formal or legal relations, but simply on material or *de facto* relations which we have observed either in the world of nature or in the domain of the artificial. When the reconstitution of prehistoric animals from a fragment of the skeleton has been demonstrated to be correct by later discoveries, this may really depend not so much upon the correct application of the Cuvierian principle of correlation, but rather on the fact that the fragment permitted the student to place the organism it contained in a systematic category already well known to science.

In order to understand the nature of the difficulty let us take as an example the tooth of an herbivorous animal. This object can be considered from two quite different points of view. Taken in itself it is merely a mass of inorganic substance having a certain chemical composition, a certain structure, and a certain special form. There is absolutely nothing else one can say about this object considered from this standpoint. But

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one may also consider it inasmuch as it forms part of a living organism belonging to some particular species; the object is then called a tooth, because the organism employs it for a certain purpose, in this case to break up vegetable food. Considered apart from its utilization by the living organism to accomplish this special function it signifies absolutely nothing in the plane of vital activity. It is evident that the structure and form of the object in question must not be absolutely incompatible with the rôle it is to play in the organism. But it is not so very easy to define exactly with what kind of organ an animal absolutely could not chew vegetable food. The question we have to deal with is something like that of the suitability of tools for certain types of work. There is no doubt a certain relation between the form of the tools and the task for which the workman utilizes them. One could not use a paint-brush for sawing wood. But since the tool exists as such only while the workman holds and manipulates it, one and the same piece of work can be carried out with quite different tools. An instrument which seems in itself ill adapted to the end can furnish in expert hands a result far superior to that obtained by a clumsy workman with the most highly finished tool.

What is true for the form of a given organ in an animal with a given régime is also true for the relations between organs. Since a part of a living organism exists only in and by the whole and can be defined only in function of the specific nature of the being that uses it, for its special purposes, and in a way proper to it, it is not sufficient, to determine the rôle of an organ, to examine its form. It is true that the function is simply the operation of the organ. The fact remains that before anything can act, it must *be*, and that the organ exists as an organ only by and in the whole of which it is part. It follows that the relation between the form and the function of an organ is a *contingent* relation. Abstracted from the ensemble of the living being, as in comparative anatomy, the organ has only a *potential reality*. One cannot predict its rôle from its structure when one passes from one species to another. How, therefore, can one pretend

that an organ having a certain definite form necessarily implies only one other? The contingency between form and function exists for every member of the series one attempts to establish.

The whole difficulty arises from a misinterpretation of the idea of homology. We forget that neither a tooth nor a wing, nor any organ, exists as such—I mean as an independent, self-supporting entity. The wing of an individual belonging to a given species may be very similar to the wing of an individual belonging to another species. Nevertheless, the wings may be used in quite different ways.

From this it follows that it is only in so far as they are constituted and specified and utilized by a certain specific organism that organs are complementary. It is true that a single specific action is produced by a heterogeneous assemblage of materials and that this necessarily implies correlation. But this correlation is, so to speak, an intra-specific phenomenon and has its foundation, not in the quantitative dimensions of the organ, not in the material structure, but in the specific nature. To know it, it is not sufficient to study the form of the organs and make comparisons with more or less similar species. What is necessary is to observe the organism—to *watch it live*. The application of the Cuvierian principle is not easy.

Nevertheless, although the principle of correlation seems more difficult to apply than Cuvier imagined, it seems to me still possible that by a careful examination we might be able to define, at least, the material or *de facto* laws of form within certain relatively restricted groups. Perhaps rational morphology has not yet given all its fruits, and, although its value is uncertain, it has at least the advantage that it attempts to discern the intelligible in nature and to interpret it in conformity with the best traditions of the greatest biologists of all ages. But it is useless to attempt to disguise its difficulties. That such things as natural species exist in the Organic World seems undeniable, but their definition constitutes a problem of almost transcendent difficulty and their origin remains a mystery.

W. R. THOMPSON, F.R.S.

ART. 4.—THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NAZI GERMANY (II)

THE strained relations which already existed when the preceding article was written have grown steadily more acute during the past months. Not only have points of conflict multiplied, but as far as the Nazis are concerned the formerly concealed or only partly avowed hostility to various phases of Catholic principle and practice has been openly proclaimed. In South Germany, where the struggle seems at the moment to be even more tense than in the Rhineland, the so-called "political police", a secret force which is becoming more and more dreaded by the inhabitants, apparently regard the priesthood and all Catholic organizations as potentially dangerous enemies of the State, while Cabinet Ministers and other responsible Nazi leaders, in spite of the invariable lip-service which they pay to Christianity, make personal attacks on priests and prelates in public speeches and deliver themselves of utterances which in Catholic circles can only be regarded as inimical to the doctrines of the Church.

A sign of the full seriousness of the conflict was the recent temporary local interdict to which recourse had to be made in a small Upper Bavarian town in order to effect the release of an arrested priest whose health had seriously suffered in custody.

The Concordat was signed some nine months ago (July 1933), but, although so much was expected from it at the time, its value is generally doubted in connexion with the very questions in regard to which it was thought it would establish harmony.

The charges brought by the Nazis against the Catholic Church consist in almost every case of alleged political activities or utterances on the part of members of the clergy. If the Nazis are to be believed, such "violations of the Concordat" are of widespread and everyday occurrence; and according to Herr Himmler, who commands the "political police" force in the whole of Germany apart from Prussia, the "detection and punishment" of such offenders is the main occupation of his

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powerful organization ! An investigation of those cases the circumstances of which have so far been brought to light shows that the charge of bad faith is based on a confusion of Article 32 with the Nazi dogma that the clergy have no right to take any part in politics, politics meaning here every conceivable kind of activity about which they themselves have definite principles or vague prejudices. To give an example of the "political" offences complained of, the Archbishop of Munich has been publicly taken to task and accused of an infringement of the Concordat because he expounded from the pulpit the Catholic attitude towards the "German Christians' " campaign for the elimination of the Old Testament. Needless to say, the reference to political activities in the Concordat bears no relation to this elastic Nazi definition ; it is on the contrary specific and limited in its application. In Article 32 it is clearly laid down that priests and members of religious orders may not belong to political *parties*, or carry on any activities on behalf of such parties. As all political parties and organizations in Germany (save, of course, those of the Nazis !) were dissolved last summer, it is obvious that a violation of this article is no easy matter. Apart from this, however, it is stipulated in the final protocol that nothing in Article 32 shall restrict the clergy and members of religious orders in the fulfilment of their duty in teaching and explaining the dogmatic and moral doctrines and principles of the Church. When it is recognized how fathomless is the gulf which separates the Concordat definition of political activities from that of the Nazis, the complete lack of substance in the great majority of the charges brought against the clergy becomes manifest. For example, the alleged infringement of Article 32 has been advanced as a justification for the wholesale arrest of Catholic priests in various parts of the country. The imprisonment of priests which began shortly after the Nazi revolution and was for some time sporadic has become so frequent and widespread of late as to cause serious concern to both the Episcopate and the Vatican. A few weeks ago the publication of arrests among the Catholic clergy in South Germany was an almost daily

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event, and it is a well-known fact that large numbers of cases are never reported. The commandant at a concentration camp recently informed a foreign Press representative that two newly arrested priests were brought to the camp every day! It is estimated that the total number apprehended during the past nine months is between two and three hundred. Although many of these were released after a short spell of confinement a number of those arrested more than six months ago are still in captivity. The general public hears no more of them after their arrest except through some accident, as when, for example, a priest who was taken into so-called "protective custody" in June was recently brought before a summary court and fined for some indiscreet remark to a fellow prisoner in the concentration camp. He was brought to court from the camp and taken back there afterwards to serve the remainder of a term of punishment the length of which was never stipulated and depends on the arbitrary will of the Nazis! But for the report of the summary court proceedings those who had heard of his arrest six months before would never even have known that he had been sent to a concentration camp. This case is typical of the iniquitous "*Schutzhaft*" system in Germany, according to which any person may be arrested on the flimsiest pretext and confined for an indefinite period in a prison or concentration camp, ostensibly either for his own protection or to ensure the safety of the State.

The difficulties under which German Catholics are labouring can only be fully appreciated when it is remembered that the social life of the Catholic laity is cramped and impeded by insecurity and an impossible situation created by the Concordat being ostensibly in force but in point of fact incompletely drafted. Article 31 definitely guarantees the protection of the State for "Catholic associations which serve religious, purely cultural and charitable purposes" as well as other Catholic associations "which have social objects, so far as a guarantee is given that they carry on their activities outside any political party". The German Episcopate and the Reich Government are—according to a proviso of the same article—to

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come to an agreement as to which of the existing associations are to fall under this definition. For nine months the German Catholics have been left in the dark as to the legality of their clubs and youth organizations. Meanwhile the State or minor Nazi functionaries who claim to act with the full approval of the Government have hindered their activities by petty interference and red-tape obstruction, or, on the other hand, by pointing out that there is not the slightest necessity for young Catholics to have a football club or rambler's association. To some the Nazi argument sounds plausible enough, but German Catholics maintain that the atmosphere of modern life is unreligious if not anti-religious, and that, to counteract its influence, social organizations should have a definite Catholic atmosphere even if religious activities or discussions are never touched upon. This, perhaps, is what the National Socialists object to most strongly, as they realize that they meet with a force belonging to a totally different sphere; in spite of their much advertised "*Weltanschauung*", Nazi-ism is a thoroughly secular and materialistic movement, viciously intolerant of non-conformers, above all when the offence does not lie in actions but rather in a different spiritual quality. Hence the ridiculous charges brought against perfectly harmless organizations, arbitrary dissolutions and deliberate manœuvres with the object of creating a *casus belli*. Thus at Bamberg permission for all meetings and activities of confessional youth organizations have been summarily withdrawn by the political police, and in each individual case a special permit has to be obtained twenty-four hours in advance; or, to mention a north-German case, at Düsseldorf these organizations are forbidden to walk the streets, wear badges or go in for sports. These police decrees are usually introduced by some reference to "unpleasant incidents" which are supposed to justify the steps taken in the eyes of the public. The Nazi tactics in reality consist in staging disturbances by a clash between Hitlerites and members of the objectionable organization, or in introducing into the movement in question their own people, who then appeal to the authorities for dissolution or the abolition of its confessional character.

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The German Catholics who in their political parties were the sworn enemies of Communism bitterly resent these bolshevist methods being applied against them.

A strong link of the Catholic communities, especially in the *Diaspora* in large parts of North and Central Germany, lies in the charitable organizations, which are also guaranteed by the Concordat. In this case again the totalitarian Nazi State tends to absorb such activities. The Nazi point of view is that each German citizen should feel—as was recently expounded by the Public Prosecutor in a summary court during the trial of a priest—first and foremost a member of the "*Volksgemeinschaft*", the National Community, which is to determine the whole framework of his life and blot out all differentiating characteristics arising from creed, profession, or personal talents and interests. The avowed intention of this State is to mould the individuals and pigeonhole them so as to be able to control all their activities. This conception of an all-comprising Community, a conception which is shared by the Soviet system, does not allow of the overlapping of another community whatever its basis may be. From this mentality result the unflagging appeals in the Nazi Press to concentrate all charitable work in the State organization and virtually boycott the Catholic institutions. There is nothing the Church could place its finger on in this propaganda, because technically no steps are taken against the letter of the Concordat, yet it would not be overstating the case if one were to liken the procedure of the Nazi party to the diversion of the stream supplying power to a mill, though the perpetrator of the crime might claim that he never trespassed on the miller's grounds. It is such subtle sophistry as this which renders the position of the Church more difficult than any clear-cut direct attacks and State prohibitions. The Catholic Church in Germany realizes that everything depends on adhering with the utmost loyalty to the articles of the Concordat, and this line of policy has been followed with the most meticulous care. Not only have German Catholics, both clergy and laity, carefully avoided contravening the Concordat, but they have done everything to conciliate the State, prove their

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loyalty as citizens, and have not insisted on their rights, when they might well have taken their stand on the provisions of the treaty between the Vatican and the German State. Catholic priests have been attacked personally in the daily papers which are edited or under the control of responsible Nazis, such as the Bavarian Minister of Education, Herr Schemm, or Herr Julius Streicher, the district leader and virtual dictator of Franconia. Article 5 of the Concordat guarantees the protection of the State to priests just as to Civil servants "against insults to their person or their capacity as clergymen". No protection was asked for or offered when Herr Göring in an election speech at Würzburg referred to the Catholic clergy as "black moles"; compare the case of Dimitroff fighting for his life in the Reichstag fire trial, when he challenged the statement of a police officer, and was silenced and rebuked for "insulting an official". Facts such as these must be borne in mind when one wishes to appreciate the double standard applied to Catholics as alleged enemies of the State and Nazis.

So much for the attitude of the Church in Germany in respect to its organizations, a sphere in which concessions are possible without doing violence to religious belief. There are, however, a number of questions on which no compromise is possible between Nazi claims and the inevitable attitude of the Church.

Conscientious Catholics find themselves faced with serious conflicts owing to certain aspects of Nazi legislation and policy. The national-socialist "race-policy" runs directly contrary to the Christian principle that Man was made in God's image with an immortal soul. No amount of sophistry and Nazi mysticism of "blood and soil" can reconcile a good Catholic to the anti-semitism which was practised in a violent form during the first months under the new regime and has entered into the legislation of the new German State to such an extent that Jews now have a status of citizens of an inferior grade. The distress which has been caused among German Jews is hardly fully appreciated because their outward form of life is little altered; they still have their villas and are still well dressed, but what escapes the casual

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observer is the great financial burden shouldered by the Jewish money-earners that are left in supporting the victims of a ruthless legislation and the genteel shabbiness developing behind the scenes. German Catholics, though for the most part agreeing that the share of Jews in German affairs was out of proportion to their numbers, do not stand for the racial discrimination and still less for the persecution that has been carried out or tolerated by the present Government.

The most courageous stand that has yet been made by a German Catholic against the extravagances of Hitlerism is that of Cardinal Faulhaber, the Archbishop of Munich, whose outspoken sermons during Advent 1933 have won him respect and admiration in both Europe and America, and were, perhaps, nowhere more sincerely welcomed than in the German Evangelical Church. Cardinal Faulhaber first incurred the hostility of the Nazis two or three years ago when he preached against anti-semitism, but his attitude since the Hitler revolution has proved so uncompromising that he has been more than once in personal danger from a movement which regards the brutal application of force as the surest and most satisfactory reply to an appeal to reason or conscience. In a letter to the clergy of his diocese shortly before the so-called "elections" of November last the Archbishop advised them to vote in a way that was compatible with their consciences and would have been so in former times. It is an open secret that at this juncture Cardinal Faulhaber came within an ace of being arrested. The step had indeed been decided on by Himmler, the chief of the political police, a man wielding terrible power and considering himself independent of the State Government and even of that of the Reich. Himmler snapped his fingers at the Bavarian Minister of the Interior who remonstrated with him, and it was only a desperate appeal to Berlin followed by the Chancellor's immediate aeroplane flight to Munich which prevented this supreme act of folly at the eleventh hour. Although probably aware of his narrow escape, the Archbishop allowed it in no way to influence the candid and fearless character of his four Advent sermons on "Christianity and Judaism". Dealing

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mainly with the teachings of the Old Testament and its place in Christian doctrine, these sermons constituted a restrained but none the less devastating criticism of what might be termed the application of Nazi principles to religion, and the heresies and pseudo-theological extravagances propounded by the so-called "German Christians", the Nazis of the Evangelical Church and the pan-German and frankly anti-Christian "German Faith Movement". In his first sermon the Archbishop went straight to the crux of the issue. Anti-semitism and extreme views on nationality and race have created in Germany two curious groups, one of which rejects Christ because he was a Jew, the other maintaining that Christ was not a Jew. Speaking not only as a priest but also as a distinguished scholar, who was at one time professor of Old Testament history at the universities of Würzburg and Strassburg, Cardinal Faulhaber declared emphatically that the fact of Christ's having been a Jew was established beyond doubt by historical evidence. He insisted on the divine inspiration of the Old Testament and repudiated the German Christians' attempt to do away with it as a direct assault on Christian principles. He quoted Cardinal Manning, who once told a gathering of Jews that his own religion would be meaningless if he were not able to respect theirs. One of the sermons was devoted exclusively to the moral teachings of the Old Testament, the essentials of which, he pointed out—for example the Ten Commandments—formed the basis of Christian civilization. That parts of the Old Testament ethical system have been superseded by the teachings of Christ must never be forgotten, but he showed that it was precisely at this point that the "German Christians" rejected the New and clung to the moral principles of the Old Testament, believing for example in "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" and not in the Sermon on the Mount. A profound impression was created among his hearers when Cardinal Faulhaber in impassioned tones proclaimed that German Catholicism would make common cause with the Evangelical Church against the profane efforts which were being made to belittle the Holy Scriptures.

In addition to his Advent sermons the Archbishop

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preached again on New Year's Eve. Although the St. Michaelskirche holds six or seven thousand people, it was crowded on every occasion, whilst hundreds had to be turned away from its doors. As might be expected, the sermons were hotly attacked in the Nazi Press, the Archbishop being told among other things that his conception of history was amateurish, and that he was unaware that "race is the key to history". The first official attack from the Nazi State was delivered by Herr Esser, the Bavarian Cabinet Minister, in a speech at Bad Tölz on January 27, in which he said that "it was a positive scandal that the Archbishop of Munich should still decline to proffer his wholehearted co-operation to the Nazi State and should preach sermons which arouse serious conflicts in religious circles. He would be better employed in exhorting Catholics to obedience to the temporal authorities." Some thirty hours later two shots were fired in the dead of night through the window of the Cardinal's study in his Munich palace. The Cardinal was not in the apartment at the time, and nobody was injured, but the incident caused widespread indignation, and is indicative of the dangerous atmosphere which has been aroused by the Nazis' campaign against the Catholic clergy. Elaborate efforts were made to conceal all knowledge of the outrage from the public. No reference was made to it in the German Press, and it was only five days later, after the news had been published in the foreign papers, that the "political police" issued a brief report, a line of procedure almost invariably followed in such cases. Although the outrage was generally associated with the attacks made on Cardinal Faulhaber by Herr Esser and other responsible Nazis, the Bavarian Government saw no occasion to repudiate the incident or even to tender their congratulations to the Cardinal on his escape, omissions which have gone a long way to confirm the widespread conviction that the Nazis in South Germany are seeking to precipitate a rupture.

The question of sterilization is at the moment the most vividly discussed point of difference. A very incisive law came into force on January 1, which equally applies to Catholics and non-Catholics. No clause for exempting

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conscientious objectors is provided. The official standpoint of the Church was laid down in an address to the Cardinals at Christmas by the Holy Father, when he referred to the practice of the sterilization of the unfit "being made compulsory in a neighbouring country" "So many of the faithful", said His Holiness, "are waiting for guidance, that we must speak." He then referred to the encyclical of 31 December, 1930. He hoped that the faithful and their pastors would find therein all they required for their instruction and reflection. That encyclical condemned the pernicious effect of too much importance being attached to eugenics, particularly when it results in forbidding marriage on account of scientific conjectures according to which the parties might become parents of defective or undesirable offspring. A meeting was held at Freiburg between representatives of the State and the Church at which the Archbishop of Freiburg interpreted the standpoint of the Church as follows: The notification of cases falling under the sterilization law is not regarded as co-operation, and is therefore compatible with Catholic principles. The performance of the operation and assistance at it should not be required from Catholic doctors and nurses, and no Catholic may apply for the operation either on his own or another's behalf. When sterilization is ordered by the secular authorities a Catholic may be exempted by voluntarily entering an asylum.

Thus the matter stands for the moment. The concern caused in the Church by the sterilization law is likely to grow still greater as that law develops in practice. At the present juncture, however, this question is being overshadowed by a more compelling issue, that of the relations of Church and State as a whole.

LEE J. STANLEY.

ART. 5.—THE ENGLISH EXHIBITION

THE average visitor to the English Exhibition leaves Burlington House with a sense of dissatisfaction, if not of disappointment. He is disappointed, and quite rightly so, with the exhibition itself, and he is dissatisfied, with less justification, at English painting as he sees it there. Coming after the French and Italian Exhibitions, which were models of selection and arrangement, the English Exhibition is unpardonably incoherent. It is not representative. It contains, if we except five Dobsons and two Johnsons, one of which was painted long after the artist left England, practically no indigenous Stuart painting. It contains no pre-Wilsonian landscape. Wilson himself is over-represented with eight drawings and twenty-two paintings, at least four of which do not deserve to be exhibited in any public gallery. The exhibition includes not one example of "history painting", a serious omission when we remember that for a century the ambition to "paint history" was the characteristic of your true English painter. Where there is room for Prescott Knight space should be found for Fuseli, who is represented only by two indifferent drawings, and for Barry, who is not represented at all. Reynolds is shown as a mere portrait-painter. The fifty Turners are mainly second-rate. Seventeen Millais are no compensation for a deficiency in Watts. But what is more important is that the hanging and arrangement of the pictures show the same lack of design as their selection. The exhibition is not only not representative, it is not self-explanatory. If we grant that English mediaeval painting is adequately typified by two exhibits, and that seven pictures, two of them by Eworth, who has never before been asked to masquerade in English clothes, give a fair idea of painting in England in the sixteenth century, we have still a right to assume that the fundamental contours of British art history will be emphasized, and that the naturalization both of portraiture and landscape will be presented in so far as possible chronologically. Such an assumption proves unfounded. In preference to collecting a roomful of mediaeval panel

pictures (which the exhibition of 1923 showed to be not so difficult a task) the committee has thought fit to open its exhibition with a gallery containing beside a fifteenth-century painting of King Athelstan and the Thornham Parva Retable (the interesting contemporary altarpiece in the Musée de Cluny was not borrowed) fifteen pieces of embroidery, a large number of seals, some Stuart medals, six tiles, half a dozen rolls of arms, four chairs, and a lead bust of Queen Elizabeth. Gallery II introduces us to painting in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; as a contrast possibly, in the middle of the room the Benedictional of St. Æthelwold is felicitously shown. Gallery III starts off gaily with Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, Constable, Wilson, all in this order, Romney, Patch and Raeburn. Gallery IV reverts to the pre-Reynolds epoch. Gallery V starts off once more with Gainsborough, Romney, Ramsay, Cotes, more Wilsons and more Zoffanys, which are reinforced by Opie, Hoppner and Beechey in the next gallery. Gallery VII is composed of sporting pictures, conversation pieces, Lawrence and Sir Martin Archer Shee; Gallery VIII of Raeburn, Wilkie, Geddes, Hoppner, and one or two landscapes; and Gallery IX, the only homogeneous room in the exhibition, of paintings that are unashamedly pre-Raphaelite. Pre-Raphaelitism in Gallery X compromises itself with the Norwich school, and in Gallery XI the exhibition ends in a blaze of Lawrence, Bonington, Constable, and Etty. Before the exhibition opened, one wondered what good purpose the flood of introductions to English painting that had preceded it could serve. It is plain now that for the average visitor a guide through the confusion is absolutely necessary.

It would be wrong, however, to attribute any dissatisfaction with English painting entirely to the method, or lack of method, of its showing. Whether we like it or not we tend to criticize painting from a contemporary standpoint and to reject consequently, or at all events to despise, paintings, more often a whole class of painting, which cannot be reconciled with the particular aesthetic which we favour at the moment. We may be, we almost certainly are, wrong, but the essential fact remains that

when we look at painting we look at it as the products of one age criticizing the productions of another. It is difficult to consider English painting historically. Renaissance painting for us is a closed book; it involves questions which for better or for worse have been decided, subjects with which we do not deal, pigments that we do not use, issues, in fact, that no longer have a living interest. When we look back we can see the Renaissance in proportions which we could, if put to it, probably prove to be correct. In English painting this is not so. A very large proportion of the pictures at Burlington House were produced between, say, 1740 and 1840. They deal, therefore, with problems to which we have our own solutions, and which consequently remain unsettled. We recur to the arguments by which the eighteenth century sought to prove Reynolds superior to Gainsborough or Gainsborough to Reynolds. With Lord Thurlow we may be "of the Romney faction". And what are we to say of Turner? Or of Hogarth? It is important to realize that in English painting we are not discussing stable reputations, and that appreciation therefore tends to identify itself with criticism.

What, then, are our aesthetic standards? We should appreciate, we say, painting as painting for its intrinsic quality, and we believe to-day in an intuitive reaction to form and colour rather than in a conscious reaction to the fact which the picture reproduces, symbolizes, or even in the last resort typifies. Painting has been transformed in theory from a representational into a non-representational art. Subject for us is something extraneous to good painting. Even where still essential, it has become subordinate. "Pour arriver à l'abstraction", as Braque has put it, "il faut partir de la nature, et partir de la nature c'est trouver un sujet." For the eighteenth, and still more for the nineteenth century painter and critic, however, subject was an integral, and even the most important, factor in pictorial expression; pure painting, in the sense of abstract painting, practically does not exist. Good painting was not, as it is for us, synonymous with a good picture. The good picture was the picture in which good painting reinforced rather

than actually motivated conviction in its literary qualities. Though we find Reynolds in an unguarded moment confessing to an admiration for Watteau, and, for the matter of that, Diderot letting slip a commendatory sentence on Boucher, it was a general rule that while painting could be, but generally was not, condemned because it was inadequate, mere adequacy was no cause for praise. "The power of drawing, modelling and using colours", declares Sir Joshua in his second discourse, "is very properly called the language of art . . . When the artist is once enabled to express himself with some degree of correctness, he must then endeavour to collect subject for expression, to amass a stock of ideas to be combined and varied as the occasion may require"; and he goes on to compare the painter to a tragedian who attempts "to acquire to himself sufficient knowledge of the appearances of nature, the operations of the passions and the incidents of life". But Reynolds' literary emphasis goes even further. The painter, he insists, should not only imitate nature, he should improve upon it, and in an illuminating passage he attacks "those who think everything is to be done by felicity, and the powers of native genius". "Even the great Bacon treats with ridicule the idea of confining proportion to rules, or of producing beauty by selection. 'A man cannot tell' (says he) 'whether Apelles or Albert Dürer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces, to make one excellent. . . . The painter' (he adds) 'must do it by a kind of felicity . . . and not by rule.'" We to-day with Bacon ignore the analytical faculty by which Reynolds set such store and agree with Bacon that the object of painting, so far from being experiential, is to record appearances.

The value of English painting, therefore, and the pleasure which can be derived from it, is intimately connected with its literary quality. An exhibition which stops short at the period in which literary emphasis reached its apogee can in the nature of things contain but little painting that is susceptible of purely abstract criticism and appreciation. For the transmutation of repre-

sentational into non-representational painting France was primarily responsible. By the side of French investigation into the apparent, English insistence on the experimental continued a characteristically complacent course, so that we tend to forget that, though Millais' birth and death preceded Cézanne's only by ten years, it is to English water-colour we must look if we are to find a precedent for what was achieved in oil by post-impressionism. Water-colour painting in England connotes an attitude to which we can find no parallel in the work of contemporary oil painters. It insists that painting is primarily a record of visual impressions, and that good painting is painting in which these impressions are stated with the completest possible integrity. In English water-colours for the first time in painting we find literary intelligibility sacrificed to form and colour, the result of an initial effort to reproduce things as they look rather than as they are.

It would be idle to speculate for how large a part of this transition the water-colour medium was in itself responsible. It is obvious that with so fluid a pigment any direct imitation of reality would be, if not impossible, at least extremely difficult, and that as a medium it was directly calculated to cultivate and to express the intuitive apprehension of fact in terms of shape and colour which oil painting in such hands as Cotman's was too slow a medium to seize. Cozens in the most effective of his sketches makes a deliberate attempt with the abolition of local colour to see his subject as a formal unity, "the masses being determined", as the anonymous author of an *Essay on Landscape Painting*, published in 1782, puts it, "in the first making out or designation of the parts, and affording an harmonious effect unlike the ordinary compositions of scratches and lines just connected by a flimsy washing"; while Towne, who was twelve years older than Cozens and forty-two years senior to Cotman, anticipated the latter in discarding texture, the essential quality of representational reproduction, in favour of qualities which his medium is better adapted to express. The implications of this dominance of medium in Towne's work would find their best exposition in an analysis of

such a drawing as Mr. A. P. Oppe's celebrated "Source of the Arveyron" (No. 716 in the exhibition). In common with most of Towne's work its aesthetic value is less than its historical importance. For the first time in English painting you find yourself before a picture the subject of which, though it is very far from being unintelligible, is not immediately self-revelatory. Reynolds insists on the expression of what is seen in terms of the ideal. Towne's mountains bear no relation to ideal mountains. His drawing is particularized to the extent of being an attempt to reproduce, not mountains as they should be or even as they are, but mountains as they seemed on one particular occasion to an artist with sufficient sensibility to appreciate their contours and sufficient vision to catch the light upon them.

In this path Cotman follows, and, while he is an infinitely greater painter, his characteristics are the same as Towne's. His vision is strictly geometrical, he sees in terms of form, not—and this is important—in terms of colour. In Cotman's work the scale of tonal values is often imperfectly adjusted, so that for us real intensity of vision becomes something very near *bizarrerie*. For this reason drawings like "Greta Woods" (No. 714) are unconvincing. Integral colour was something that Cotman seldom achieved. De Wint, who is magnificently represented at the exhibition, emphasizes precisely this deficiency. He can put forward a serious claim to be considered the greatest of our water-colour painters, certainly he is the most satisfying. His design has much of the modernity of Cotman, his execution a maturity and an integrity Cotman did not achieve, and in his work we find just the sense of texture that Cotman is without. De Wint is not an experimental painter. His vision, it is true, is less austere and perhaps less ambitious than Cotman's, his colouring less varied, the range of his interest more limited, but when we grant all this we have still to admit that his range and colouring and vision are by any other standards most remarkable and that his technique provides them with an expression of singular completeness.

Alongside Towne and Cotman and de Wint the modern

critic might reasonably place Constable and Bonington. Constable unfortunately is very far from being ideally well represented. Sufficient of his pictures, however, are shown to emphasize the importance of his position as the first painter who consciously attempted to acquire in oil the spontaneity that his contemporaries achieved in water-colour, and who at the same time developed the atmospheric potentialities latent in Richard Wilson's work. If good painting is simply the spontaneous record of impressions, the Constable of the sketches is a supreme genius. Constable tells how a friend of his declared, "He breathes the open air in my pictures, they are more than fresh, they are exhilarating"; and the painter himself described one of his own paintings as "silvery, windy and delicious; all health and the absence of anything stagnant, and wonderfully got together". The attitude of Constable is the attitude of the modern painter. His finished productions are not always so contemporary; and indeed so pronouncedly in much of Constable's work at the exhibition does the "stagnant" element obtrude that there is a tendency to-day to emphasize his practical failure in his larger paintings completely to emancipate himself from a conventional tradition rather than the astonishing novelty not only of his theoretical position but also of the method in which it was exemplified. With Bonington Constable represents the first effort on the part of English painting to balance its debit account on the Continent.

In his dialogue on English and French painting Hazlitt makes his Englishman express what must have been the typical contemporary attitude towards Constable's work: "Here is a landscape by a countryman of mine, Mr. Constable. Why then all this affectation of dashing lights and broken tints and straggling lumps of paint, which I dare say give the horrors to a consummate French artist? On the other hand, why do not your artists try to give something of the same green, fresh and healthy look of living nature, without smearing coats of varnish over raw *dabs* of colour (as we do), till the composition resembles the ice breaking up in marshy ground after a frosty morning?" Under the inspiration of Bonington

French painting apparently took Hazlitt's hint. The exhibition should do much to reinstate Bonington in favour in this country as a landscape painter. Of the romantic Bonington it gives us but the slightest glimpse. That is as it should be. Bonington the landscape painter has a distinctive place in the English tradition, Bonington the romantic has not. His figure-painting is a résumé of French romanticism. He read Froissart and Saintré. *Marino Faliero* drew him to Venice; while in France he repopled abbeys and revisualized history under the guidance of Sir Walter Scott. And with the romantic's love of archaeology he combined all the romantic's love of colour. Raphael seemed to him "all brick colour when compared to the Venetians; and, though he himself when he painted historical scenes was never a colourist on the grand scale like Delacroix, he achieved a technique of scintillating ease. For the Englishman this exotic, imaginative Bonington is of less significance than the Bonington who through his chance friendship with Huet and Delacroix became the progenitor of French landscape in the nineteenth century. He was brought up on Girtin, and thanks to his facility his landscape retained much of the fluency of water-colour painting. "Bonington", declared a friend of the Barbizon group, "skims over nature and reveals it to us like a sylph." Less kind critics have called him superficial, and superficial in a sense unquestionably he was. Bonington's painting is not analytic or reflective. He painted spontaneously, "by a kind of felicity" in Bacon's phrase, and it is therefore only as we realize little by little the extent to which the course of modern French landscape painting was set by Huet, and Granet and Isabey, that Bonington's true stature can be appreciated.

In the work of a few English painters, then, we can find precedents for Monet and Cézanne which can be *ipso facto* reconciled with the aesthetic criteria we instinctively adopt. We can equally among the portraits that form the major part of the exhibition find painting, less rarely a picture, that is deliciously spontaneous. Where we wish to do more, we must doff our modern prejudices and make a conscious, conscientious effort to widen the

range of our appreciation and to approximate our attitude as nearly as possible to that of the painters we are judging. What is all this nonsense about the abstract criticism of non-abstract painting? The minor English painters show us an art that is primarily literary. It is not perhaps a very high form of art, but it has its own peculiar value. If we make the best of it, if we exploit its literary potentialities, if we relate it to its painter and its period and its subject, we can derive from it pleasure which, while it differs undeniably in quality from an interest that is more essentially pictorial, is far less despicable than we are inclined to assume.

It is true that as a painter Hogarth cannot be over-rated. He has speed and animation, accomplishment and wit. We can enjoy his pictures, if we will, with Whistler, as examples in the first place of almost perfect painting, but while we do so we should remember that Hogarth, unlike Chardin, quite deliberately placed his technique at the service of a vivid literary imagination, that he himself, and Lamb and Hazlitt after him, regarded his works as literature rather than as painting. To-day we find it hard to appreciate certain aspects of Hogarth as a satirist. The "Marriage à la Mode" and the series of "Election Scenes" as satire fall in the same category as *Hudibras*. They are onslaughts on windmills which for us do not exist and which the historian can alone visualize. And Hogarth, like Butler, had a sense of humour that derives from an age less sensitive than ours. Butler guffaws when *Hudibras'* beard is covered with the "yellow, tawny slime" of the eggs with which he had been pelted, and there is a story of Hogarth laughing immoderately at the contortions of the agonized, bloodstained features of the victim of a public-house quarrel. In Hogarth's cynical temperament there is astonishingly little of the sentimental; he is mercilessly unsympathetic, and, though he coincides in time with Richardson and all that he implies, his satire has far more in common with Swift's, or with Steele's fulminations in the *Tatler*. We can go with him a certain way, and enjoy the spinster's solemn walk to church and the shivering child in "Morning", but beyond that there comes a point where he disgusts. It is

Hogarth the portrait-painter rather than Hogarth, the great Hogarth, the moralist, who is represented at the exhibition. We have his big "Captain Coram" and "Garrick and his Wife", his miraculous little "Hon. Edward Montague", four of his conversation pieces, "The Cholmondely Family", "Lord George Graham in his Cabin", "The Conquest of Mexico", and "The Western Family", from the National Gallery of Ireland, which was preferred, the selectors can alone know why, to the infinitely superior "Mackinnon Family" in the same gallery, while in addition we have "The March to Finchley", Lord Iveagh's "Taste in High Life", the little *grisaille* "Enraged Musician" from Oxford, Sir Edmund Davis' "Stay-Maker" and "The Masked Ball at Wansted Assembly". Of Hogarth's technique, therefore, we get an adequate conception. Of Hogarth's temperament we learn practically nothing. The most democratic of painters is presented as the bored, if skilful, mirror of society rather than as its critic. For, good painter as he was, it is as a literary painter rather than as an artist pure and simple that Hogarth is supreme. "The March to Finchley" alone gives a suggestion of Hogarth's true importance. He represents in its perfection one aspect of the English genius, its capacity of illustration. It is more than a coincidence that an exhibition so begun should end in Madox Brown and Holman Hunt.

The development of the English conversation picture after Hogarth is admirably illustrated in the exhibition. Its exponents, Devis and Zoffany and Stubbs, would receive rather less than justice were they treated as mere painters. Their pictures, so far from being self-sufficient, are like peep-shows in which we see the eighteenth century displayed. The conversation picture in essence is a photograph, and as a photograph contemporary critics treated it. "The painter", wrote the art critic of the *St. James's Chronicle*, when Zoffany's "Farmer's Return" was first exhibited, "absolutely transports us in imagination back again to the theatre. We see our favourite Garrick in the act of saying, 'For "Yes" she knocked once—and for "No" she knocked twice.' And we see the wife and children—as we saw them on the

stage—in terror and amazement ; such strong likenesses has the painter exhibited of the several performers that played the characters.” “The Farmer’s Return” has not been included in the exhibition, but for all that we see our favourite Garrick with his wife before the classic colonnade of the Shakespeare temple in the garden of their Hampton villa, taking tea by the river’s edge with an impressive gentleman, whom it is agreeable to call Dr. Johnson, or playing opposite Mrs. Pritchard in *The Suspicious Husband*. Or if acting fails to interest us, we can turn to two welcome mementoes of that most delightful of all eighteenth-century personalities, John Hamilton Mortimer, who enjoyed what in retrospect seems an unreasonable popularity thanks to a facility for sketching out “an intended history piece on canvas”, conversing the while “with the same easy cheerfulness and pleasantry as if he were wholly unemployed,” and who died from the effects of swallowing a wineglass. Wilson gives us a little picture of Mortimer, in a landscape, wearing a wine-red velvet coat, and Mortimer himself provides a small self-portrait in which his work is being criticized by Wilton, a later keeper of the Academy. Zoffany’s “Life Class at the Royal Academy” gives us another glimpse of the same world. Among the classic casts in the little gas-illuminated room we see the models arranged in classic postures, surveyed by Reynolds, who even here preserves his aloof air (“frigid” was the word Mrs. Thrale used of him) and flourishes his ear-trumpet ; Cosway, withered and jaunty (“his soul,” wrote Hazlitt when he died, “had the life of a bird . . . when more than ninety he retired from his profession, and used to hold up the palsied right hand that had painted lords and ladies for upwards of sixty years and smile with unabated good humour at the vanity of human wishes”) ; West, basking under royal patronage (he used to “advise Queen Charlotte on the arrangement of her jewels when she was dressing for state ceremonies”, and was employed by the king on pictures of the Antediluvian, Patriarchal and Mosaical Dispensations for twenty-one years at an annual retaining fee of £1,000 paid in quarterly instalments) ; Wilson, lolling indolently against the wall ; and in the foreground

Zoffany himself, palette in hand. We can find a certain pleasure too in groups of less intrinsic interest, in Zoffany's "Cowper and Gore Families" and their delightful unprofessional music-making, his "Sharp Family" yachting on the Thames at Fulham, or Devis' "Swaine Family" with their fishing-rods.

The sporting picture, however, is something quite apart. To Stubbs, who was not primarily a sporting painter, we can give unstinted admiration. Tonal sensibility accentuates a natural literary appeal. But when we come to the sporting painter proper, to Marshall, for example, we find a technical inadequacy which militates effectively against the expression of any intrinsic charm that the horse and the hound may possess. For technical incompetence the English school of sporting painting is unrivalled. We should look probably to the ignorance of the demand to explain the low level of supply.

To the conversation piece the strictly illustrative painting approximates. Throughout its development it remains scrupulously prosaic and virtually uncontaminated by the fashion for everything Italian (or more specifically for Titian) by which all large-scale painting of the period was dictated. Reynolds, Raeburn, Romney, Lawrence indulged their faith in long periods of foreign study. Gainsborough was influenced by Titian—he was proud, he said, of being in the same profession with him, and would attempt to imitate his work—and Northcote wrote his life. Ramsay when he set up in London achieved to Hogarth's disgust an immediate success with a technique which he declared was Titian's, "rather lickt than pencilled", Vertue calls it, "neither broad, grand nor free"; and Wilson wrote to Admiral Smith from Venice that he had studied Titian as much as ever he could, "which I hope to show you the effects of in my future productions". It would be interesting to organize an exhibition to show the influence of Titian upon English painting. Wisely, however, the English exhibition has been restricted to emphasize on a less pretentious and more indigenous current of English painting. The sentimental ideology of Highmore's "Pamela telling the Children a Nursery Tale", which received the author's

unsolicited approval ("His own imagination", said Richardson, "was his principal guide, and he has given it great intelligence, sweetness and dignity") persists in Morland's more naïve and more imaginative work and runs to seed in Landseer, one of whose admirers with surprising acumen traced back to Hogarth the origin of his bathetic art. Be that as it may, the disingenuous humility of Morland's work both from a social and a technical point of view is immensely agreeable after the tawdry sophistications of Lawrence or the simpering simplicity of Romney.

Wilkie, in many ways the finest exponent of this English literary tradition in the nineteenth century, with his compatriot Geddes, is one of the surprises of the exhibition. He is represented by five pictures, all of which are excellent. "Blind Man's Buff" and "The Penny Wedding" come from Buckingham Palace, "Grandmamma's Cap" from Bowood, and "Knox Preaching" from the Scottish National Gallery; while "Village Politicians", the earliest of the group, is lent by Lord Mansfield. "Blind Man's Buff" is the best of them; Haydon in his autobiography explains its superiority. "About this time," he writes, "Wilkie, who was always pursuing some *ignis fatuus*, began to get into his head that he painted too slowly and that the old masters never used models. This is actually a fact, and he came to me to preach this absurd doctrine when he was painting "Blind Man's Buff". I wrote to him, in admonition, a letter from which this is an extract :

You talk of being ruined if you do not paint quicker. No. You will be ruined if you do not paint well. . . . Could it be you who unwillingly refused to look at Ostade? Why?—because you knew it would send you back to your canvas with a stinging and a bitter conscience. Was it you who uttered the sentiment that *feeling* looked unlike *composition*? What specious, what absurd, what contemptible sophistry! Do you not know the difference between simplicity and ignorance?

And Haydon probably then turned away to niggle on at "Solomon". An age which makes precisely the distinction for which Haydon blames Wilkie cannot but

find much to admire in such a picture. The "dark school", in which Opie, in spite of his significant comparison of Dutch painting to a school and Italian to a university, must be included, was characterized by its conscious effort to regain the spontaneity of impression and the emotive integrity which official painting had discarded. In fact there is something a little ludicrous in Opie's appearance in so essentially aristocratic a world, in the contrast between the stately manners (mannerisms, one might almost say) of a Reynolds or a Gainsborough and the coarse virile painting of a genius (for a genius Opie unquestionably was) who did not scruple before even the most distinguished sitters to wipe his brushes on his chintz bedspread or window curtains. Friends commented on his "total lack of artificial manners", and even Wolcot (who was responsible for his London debut as the "Cornish Wonder") compared him to a country farmer "who, never having tasted anything beyond rough cider, cannot feel the flavour of burgundy or champagne". "I am the most stupid of created beings," as he himself declared, "and I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live."

Wilkie's debut was similar to Opie's. His "Village Politicians" (though Haydon "disliked its insignificant size . . . it was not like Titian") was a huge success. Sir George Beaumont "described him as 'a young man, who came to London, saw a picture of Teniers, went home and at once painted the "Village Politicians"'. That was the wonder! 'at once!' 'At once! my dear Lady Mulgrave, at once!' and off all crowded to the little parlour of No. 8 Norton Street to see the picture painted by the young Scotchman, who never painted a picture or saw one until the morning when he saw the Teniers and then rushed home and produced the 'Politicians'." Geddes is represented by an admirable portrait of Wilkie, as well as by his more popular head and shoulders of Sir Walter Scott. His Wilkie is everything that merely literary descriptions suggest, "pale, retiring, awkward, hard-working and not over-fed", and his Scott, if less successful, is all the same more credible than Sir John Watson Gordon's lifeless presentation or Lawrence's absurd

"Scott in the Act of Composition", which even Lockhart, who was no art critic, thought a little disappointing in its completed state.

Millais is Wilkie's immediate successor. Pre-Raphaelitism is the logical culmination of this illustrative tradition in English painting. Self-confessedly it is inseparable from its literary background; like Hogarth's "March of the Guards to Finchley", Holman Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" is pre-eminently a picture to be read. It might indeed be possible to make out a case for the literary painting as the most natural and the most typical form of English pictorial expression, the norm from which what is intrinsically better painting is a departure. Such a tradition of pictures that are inseparable from their social setting is not a thing to be concealed. No one pretends that Zoffany and Wilkie are the peers of Gainsborough and Reynolds or that their aesthetic value is equivalent. All that is certain is that if we are not ashamed to treat their painting as a document, a record, the pleasure it offers, if less intense in quality, is different in kind. Even the bad picture is a key to the past. The fault is ours if we refuse to use the lock into which it can be fitted.

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY.

ART. 6.—THE FACTS OF LOURDES.

THE daily course of moving events at the Grotto of Massabielle during the pilgrimage season each year provides a problem for the faithful and the doubtful alike. What is the power of Lourdes which attracts annually thousands upon thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims to the famous grotto, pilgrims of every nationality and social degree, clerical and lay, young and old, rich and poor, sick and healthy, many of whom have made the long, tiresome, and fatiguing journey to the foot of the picturesque Pyrenees already several times, more determined after each visit again to travel to the banks of the River Gave at the earliest opportunity?

The writer, for example, has lately completed his sixth pilgrimage, more impressed than ever with all he has seen and heard, and, despite a native sceptical disposition, more convinced than before that Lourdes presents solid facts and valuable experiences, which faith alone can explain.

Those who profess to be sceptical as to abnormal happenings at Lourdes should, in the interests of scientific enquiry, go there and examine the problem on the spot. The enquirer, however, must stay in Lourdes, day and night, and get into actual contact with what is going on. It is no use comfortably sojourning at Pau or Argèles or Cauterets or St. Sauveur and motoring into Lourdes for a few hours one afternoon. To appreciate Lourdes at all, the individual must sense its atmosphere, spiritual and temporal, for twenty-four hours a day. There is no cause for fear: the outstanding wonder of Lourdes, all the time, is the absence of infection; scientifically, no doubt, it should exist in plenty, actually there is none.

From London to Lourdes certainly proves a wearisome journey, although its character is entirely changed in pilgrimage trains and boats, with a large quota of sick, many stretcher cases, attended throughout by a cheerful and enthusiastic band of volunteers, doctors, *brancardiers*, nurses, and women helpers, who devote themselves wholeheartedly to the care and comfort of

the suffering. Upon the last September pilgrimage the *brancardiers* and women assistants consisted largely of past and present pupils of Catholic colleges and convent schools, intent upon helping their stricken fellows to the utmost of their ability.

The main facts of the apparitions to Bernardette Soubirous in the Grotto of Massabielle more than seventy years ago, it is assumed, are known to all. A spring of water, which evidence showed did not exist before, still bears testimony to the weight of her story. Many things which have happened in its vicinity or as a result of its application, described by different persons from different points of view as abnormal or wonderful or miraculous, have bewildered the believer as well as unbeliever.

Every pilgrim to Lourdes encounters other pilgrims who claim to have obtained abnormal physical benefits from their visits to the Grotto of Massabielle. For some years the writer has met on pilgrimages a working man from the East End of London who asserts that he has been cured of a bad haemorrhage and has vowed whenever practicable to return once a year to Lourdes in thanksgiving. The layman, however, has no means of testing such a claim. To assist those who desire to make investigations, a medical bureau has been established in the Rosary Square which examines any alleged miracle by means of a detailed enquiry in which any doctor visitor, Catholic or non-Catholic, can take part. Without medical credentials as to physical conditions before departure from home, no case is considered. Moreover, any case of alleged cure desiring certification must return to Lourdes a year later in order that the permanency of the cure may be examined. Three years ago the writer had the privilege of attending at the Bureau a lecture, illustrated with some of the remarkable series of photographs preserved there, by a Benedictine priest, who is also a qualified medical man, Dom H. E. Izard, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

On this account scientific enquirers are recommended to obtain a book entitled *Medical Proof of the Miraculous*, by Dr. E. Le Bec, honorary surgeon to St. Joseph's

Hospital, Paris, and sometime president of the Bureau des Constatations, Lourdes, which has been translated into English by Dom Izard and has an introduction by Dr. Ernest Ware, M.D. (London), president of the Guild of St. Luke in this country.* This book deals in detail with eleven pathological cases :

1. Varicose veins.
2. A suppurating fracture of the leg.
3. A non-suppurating fracture of the thigh.
4. Pott's disease.
5. An ulcer of the leg.
6. Lupus.
7. Club feet.
8. A case of peritoneal tuberculosis with intestinal fistulae.
9. A case of six intestinal perforations.
10. Two cases of recurring cancer.
11. Pulmonary tuberculosis with cavitation.

First the case is described, with medical evidence or trustworthy witness. Then each case is discussed in the usual medical form "to show the absence of the time factor" and "the material impossibility of a natural cell production to produce the anatomical repair of the lesions". In certain cases photographs are added.

They include the case of M.X., who suffered for years from varicose veins and ulcers, and who went to Lourdes at the desire of the Archbishop of Paris, "without any confidence that I shall be cured". At his first bath in the piscina the varicose veins and ulcers disappeared. Seven years later (September 1915) "the veins in both legs in their whole length were normal and absolutely straight".

Details are also given of the extraordinary cures of Pierre de Rudder of a suppurating fracture of the leg, and of Gabrielle Durand of tuberculosis of the vertebrae. To the layman the evidence seems overwhelming. The unbeliever should certainly examine all these cases and explain. The details with the official evidence can be seen by medical men at the Bureau des Constatations.

*London : More & Harding, 6s.

Strangely enough, however, the physical side at Lourdes does not appeal to the writer in the same degree as the spiritual. The demonstration which the latter gives of the reasonableness of Catholic belief and practice with regard to suffering and pain, and self-denial and self-sacrifice in particular, however, leaves a lasting impression. If, as Christians believe, prayer is efficacious, then quite abnormal things should happen at the Grotto or in the Rosary Square.

To begin with, regarding the spiritual side, in everything appertaining to Lourdes the outstanding feature is the democratic character of the Church. The remarkable honours claimed in its history for Bernardette Soubirous were accorded not to one of high social degree or academic distinction, but to a poor uneducated peasant girl, the child of poverty-stricken parents who could not always afford to maintain their young family even at bare subsistence level. Yet the experiences of this poor girl have moved the whole Catholic world, securing for her a place amongst the Church's *beatae* and leading to unprecedented scenes of religious fervour without parallel elsewhere. In the constitution of individual pilgrimages, too, the same democratic character obtrudes. Rich and poor, high and low, bishop and humblest cleric, all intermingle upon equal terms, all are merely pilgrims, clients of Our Lady, seeking by her intercession to love her Son as far as possible as she does.

The intensely Catholic character of the Church Lourdes always emphasizes. On the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, September 8, the international character of the vast throng within the domain of the Grotto literally provoked attention. France, of course, predominated—there were seven or eight large pilgrimages, differentiated by banners or national costume, from various parts of that country. But England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, Italy, and other lands were well represented. Its Catholicity, too, was demonstrated when at night after the torchlight procession a vast multitude of pilgrims, estimated by some at 20,000 to 30,000, in front of the Rosary Church, joined in singing the Nicene Creed in Latin, a veritable international hymn—*Credo*

in unum Deum et in unam sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam—an unforgettable experience for the onlooker.

Nowhere are brotherly love, the duty towards our neighbour, and the lesson of the Good Samaritan more practically inculcated. The ordinary pilgrim marvels at the devoted care and consideration shown by volunteer helpers of every description to hundreds of sick upon their regular journeys many times a day to and from the hospital or Asile to the Grotto and the Rosary Square. One morning during September from early hours onwards six or seven pilgrimage trains, with over 1,500 sick in all, left Lourdes at intervals of half an hour. Picked *brancardiers* of all nationalities were pooled to assist; the sick were transported in comfort to the railway station and carefully and securely placed in their trains, each of which left according to time-table—an excellent piece of organization, quite apart from the meritorious practice of a work of mercy.

Lourdes above all in every action of its crowded day demonstrates emphatically how devotion to the Blessed Virgin leads in every way to far greater devotion to Our Lord. That a renowned centre of Mariolatry, as some critics might describe it, should do this must prove perplexing to certain non-Catholics. This keynote of Lourdes is recognized upon the first visit to the Rosary Church, in which inscribed upon the mosaic decoration above the sanctuary, for all the world to see, may be noted in letters large, clear, and challenging, "Par Marie à Jésus". The first great daily act of the sick pilgrim, in the early hours each morning, consists ordinarily of Mass and Holy Communion at the Grotto. All the sick are placed by the *brancardiers* in bath chairs, on hand stretchers, or on "push" ambulances, several rows deep, between Grotto and mountain-side and the River Gave, whilst of ordinary pilgrims a long queue, right up the pathway on the right, eight or more deep, extends usually for a hundred yards or so and gradually makes its way to the altar rails of the Grotto, whilst priests, each preceded by an acolyte, carry the Blessed Sacrament through the serried ranks of the sick, administering Holy Communion to them, their evident

faith, hope, and charity serving as an inspiring act of preparation for the waiting communicants on the pathway. "Lourdes exists for the cure of sinners," preachers in the pulpit at the side of the Grotto often declare. "Offer your prayers and your sufferings for this intention." Does this explain the revivification of so many indifferent Catholics on the banks of the Gave?

Every action each day at Lourdes leads up to the culminating function in the afternoon, the Blessing of the Sick in the Rosary Square, in which Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is acclaimed triumphantly, and His Divinity publicly acknowledged by the assembled thousands. The scene of religious fervour baffles adequate description. On a feast-day like September 8, an unusual multitude of worshippers is attracted. Within the Rosary Square the sick are placed in several ranks on three sides, the stretcher cases under the trees, the broad steps up to the entrances to the church forming the fourth. Behind these stand, many rows deep, pilgrims not taking part in the procession. Every point of vantage, too, on the *rampes* on either side and above the Rosary Church and beyond is taken by spectators. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament starts from the Grotto, makes its way by the side of the river, outside the *rampe*, past the Asile, right round the domain to the bridge leading to the Boulevard de la Grotte, and round the other side, and enters the Square through the side opposite the Church. Meanwhile the thousands of pilgrims in the Square and *en route* join wholeheartedly in hymns of praise, led by a group of priests by the side entrance to the church, who regulate the singing in every part of the domain by means of loudspeakers. *Lauda, Sion Salvatorem, Lauda Ducem et Pastorem*, voiced by faithful thousands, is thrilling, as can be imagined. *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini, Hosanna in excelsis*, as sung by 20,000 to 30,000 on the feast-day in question, was even more impressive. But perhaps the greatest profession of faith and devotion was in the delightful refrain to every verse of a well-known psalm, *Lauda, Jerusalem, Dominum, Lauda Deum Tuum, Sion: Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna Filio David*. Could the faithful demonstrate

more effectively belief in the Kingship of Christ, faithful of so many nationalities all proudly and sincerely proclaiming their faith in unison in the Church's official language ?

But the culmination of the solemn function has yet to come. During the singing of these significant refrains the procession enters the Square, led by the veiled Children of Mary, an international confraternity of Catholic young women, who take their places on the stone staircases on either side of the entrances to the church and in the front row on top. Afterwards the men and clergy line up on the platform in front of the church. The organization is extraordinarily good, as the procession sometimes exceeds 4,000 to 5,000 individuals, directed unobtrusively but most efficiently by the Suisses and the *brancardiers*. When the canopy with the prelate carrying the Blessed Sacrament reaches the Square, the solemn Blessing of the Sick begins, the prelate leaving the canopy with the monstrance and proceeding slowly round the long lines of sick, blessing each in turn with the Blessed Sacrament. During this touching ceremony priests in the centre declaim in turn in the languages of the nations which they represent prayers of entreaty on behalf of the sick, which are repeated vociferously, almost with *abandon*, by the vast congregation assembled around. Never has the writer heard such heartfelt, intense, meaningful prayer, consisting largely of words from Holy Writ, apt, pointed, comprehensive, clear. Here it should be repeated that, if, as Christians believe, prayer is efficacious, something quite abnormal should happen at Lourdes.

Lord, we adore Thee !

Lord, we believe in Thee !

Lord, we love Thee !

Lord, that I may see !

Lord, that I may walk !

Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick !

Lord, say but the word, and Thy servant shall be healed !

Hosanna, Hosanna, to the Son of David !

Between the sets of entreaties, stirring refrains are sung :

Parce Domine, parce populo Tuo.
Ne in aeternum, irascaris nobis.

Adoremus in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum !

Monstra te esse matrem,
Sumat per te preces
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

The remarkable effect of these and similar entreaties repeated, as has been explained above, by thousands grouped around is simply electrical. When the Blessing of the Sick is finished, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament slowly makes its way across the Square, up the steps to the Rosary Church, the prelate imparting a final Benediction before entering the Church to thousands upon their knees, bent in adoration, whilst a silence, more eloquent perhaps than the entreaties, falls upon the vast assembly.

If the public devotions at Lourdes, liturgical and otherwise, prove so inspiring, the private prayers of individual pilgrims are unusually impressive. To watch groups of pilgrims reciting the Rosary together, with arms outstretched, late at night at the Grotto, is certainly an influence for good. The sight of the *brancardier* joining in the Rosary with the sick pilgrim whom he is conveying from the Hospital to the domain touches beyond words. To find the *brancardiers* or the women assistants in their exiguous leisure moments making the Stations of the Cross on the rocky mountain-side leaves the ordinary pilgrim not over-satisfied with his own efforts.

In these circumstances, is it surprising that pilgrims to Lourdes return spiritually and physically refreshed ?

But, some critics will urge, Lourdes has a commercial side ! It would be surprising, with hundreds of thousands of pilgrims visiting the Grotto each year, if some provision was not made for their accommodation. It cannot be said, in this respect, that the hotels, or villas, or pensions in which the majority of the pilgrims stay are luxurious. Moreover, is it a matter of wonder that,

with the religious fervour engendered by Lourdes, the pilgrims desire to take back to their friends, hundreds of miles away in many cases, religious souvenirs of their remarkable experiences ?

Lourdes, however, has another aspect, which should appeal to Catholics and non-Catholics at the present time.

Has Lourdes a special value in these days of turmoil and social crisis ? Is it a bad thing to encourage and strengthen a belief in the efficacy of prayer when irreligion and scepticism are rampant ? With the intense selfishness which marks the present age, is it not of service to direct attention to the existence of sickness and suffering and to the duty of the mentally and physically fit to succour those afflicted ? Is it an advantage to assemble the faithful of different nations on holy ground to pray together, to profess a common faith, and to co-operate on behalf of those in dire distress ? Is it beneficial at the present juncture to bring together representatives of different nations, holding a common faith, to pray for peace, the happy settlement of the nations, the reunion of Christendom, and the extension of God's Kingdom upon earth ?

But does Lourdes do these things ? The writer again appeals to the sceptical to go to the banks of the River Gave and judge for themselves.

JOHN GILBERT.

ART. 7.—NATIVE QUESTIONS IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA

THE Government of Rhodesia has reached the crest of a hill, undecided in its future policy towards the native population. Set before them are the blunders of the West Indies and of the northern portion of the United States; yet they hesitate to face the danger of indiscriminate education. Rhodesia is a young country. Still, there is time to put on the brake and improve a policy which is to make the natives of use, and not a danger to themselves and the white races.

Few countries in the British Empire have a better organization than the Native Department of Southern Rhodesia. Controlled by men who not only have a wide knowledge of native affairs, but also temperaments sympathetic to the native mind, they are able to enforce a kindly, though strict, discipline, thus increasing the natural respect of black for white. The Chief Native Commissioner broadcasts a policy to Commissioners in charge of the districts into which the country is divided, and decides all administrative problems, such as disputed chieftainship and tribal quarrels, or other causes of dissatisfaction. Native affairs in each district are in the hands of Native Commissioners who administer their organizations through the medium of chiefs—natives appointed by the Governor-in-Council for purposes of tribal control. Under the chiefs work head-men. And then come the heads of kraals (villages)—natives who, according to native law and custom, are the senior members of kraals. The chain of responsibility is well defined.

Native Commissioners have full jurisdiction to hear and determine all civil cases in which the rights of natives are concerned, and are guided by native law in so far as such law is not repugnant to natural justice and morality. Every native has the following right of appeal:

- (a) to the Chief Native Commissioner from decisions of Commissioners;
- (b) to the High Court from decisions of the Chief Native Commissioner.

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Tracts of land to the extent of 21,594,957 acres—known as Native Reserves—have been set aside throughout the country for the sole use and occupation of natives. These areas are looked upon as communal property, upon which no white man is allowed to settle. There is no taxation, except for the £1 hut tax for which every indigenous native is liable annually. Feeling runs high among both races—black and white—that natives should not be allowed to occupy land among the white community, except as employees. This—at first—may seem an unfair regulation, but, having regard to the vast tracts of virgin available in Rhodesia, it is surely possible from the beginning to avoid a mixed community of landowners, which in years to come can only result in continual friction. To avoid this, it has been the wish of the Government to segregate further areas amounting to 7,000,000 acres—preferably adjoining Native Reserves—which, if desired, could be purchased by natives on the same terms as the Government allows to white settlers. This policy broadly follows the lines recommended by the Native Lands Commission which sat a few years ago under the Chairmanship of Sir Morris Carter.

The whole question of land segregation is one of the most important problems with which Rhodesia is faced. Judgment should be unbiased. It is essential that the natives receive a fair proportion of first-class land. *The Times* of 7 October, 1921, said that “steps must be taken to remove native apprehension as to security of tenure. The native must be convinced that he is secured for ever in possession of sufficient suitable land for his probable development.” These principles apply to-day.

In spite of an excellent organization, the seeds of discontent have already been sown. In 1927 the general strike at the Shamva Mine caused great uneasiness among far-seeing Rhodesians. In the towns—particularly Salisbury—there are in existence small bodies of intelligent natives who continually present grievances—in a quite constitutional manner—to the Chief Native Commissioner. To-day they are satisfied with the reasoning of authority. But how long will it last, when the indefinite educational policy is advancing the native

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mind without the necessary groundwork by which he can be made to see the reasoning of common sense? There is little doubt that these kindling formations will in the future—and not a very distant future—blaze into Labour Unions.

The educational system is faulty. The missionaries do not give sufficient consideration to the Government policy. It is generally felt that the wide extent of power which is rightly accorded to the missions within the sphere of morals and religion makes it all the more necessary for the missions to recognize without reservation that in all matters lying outside this sphere the sole authority is that of the State. Not only can the missions teach religion, but they can assist in advancing the native mind by supporting, and not hindering, the Government in the latter's educational policy. Nearly every Christian religion is represented in Rhodesia, each preaching and striving at a different belief. But in their ardour to teach they must not be carried away on the waves of fanaticism, waves that will eventually dash them against the rocks of Bolshevism and strikes. There are many, particularly the Catholics, who realize the importance of a firm policy, but the tendency of the present-day mission education is to raise the native into an unnatural atmosphere of equality with the white race. Thus the Wesleyan Mission at Nenguba, although an extremely efficient organization, tends to create, with many others, this atmosphere. The Government school at Dombashawa—controlled by a Church of England clergyman, under Government supervision—is an excellent example of what can be accomplished. There natives are taught how to till the land, and how to obtain the best agricultural results out of their Reserves. A certain amount of religious and academic education is included, but the primary object of the school is agricultural instruction. The question forces itself on one, What is the use of cramming the native minds with a high standard of knowledge, when the same natives do not even know how to cultivate the land allotted to them?

The Government should have the full control of

missions—irrespective of denominations—so far as their educational policy is concerned, and should insist on uniform teaching being carried out. At present, the average mission has too many interests at heart, and missionaries are unable to visit regularly their outlying stations. This leaves education largely in the hands of native teachers, men who, while in the mission schools, have probably shown excellent results, but who, as soon as they return to the kraals, are inclined to utilize their religious teaching to gain their own ends. Native Commissioners complain bitterly of this state of affairs. No native teachers should be allowed to exercise their profession until they have satisfied the Education Department as to their qualifications and have received a licence entitling them to teach. The salaries of native teachers should be on a scale determined by the qualifications of the individual and by the nature of the curriculum, and not on a *per capita* basis, as at present. Thus, it is generally felt that the present educational system should be reorganized under proper Government control.

There is no reason why the teaching of religion cannot be combined with teaching the native to respect the white race. In the world to-day, no men are equal; either birth or wealth creates strong lines. Why, then, should the native mind be taught that he is equal to the white? Natives should be advanced through their own ideals rather than European ideals. Opinions differ as to the advisability of increasing the powers of chiefs. Certain Native Commissioners believe that chiefs should hold their own Courts—with certain limitations—for trying petty offences, with, of course, the right of appeal to the Native Commissioners; and that a body of natives appointed by the chiefs should also be allowed to investigate the evidence of minor offences, and then report their verdict to the Native Commissioner. By this method, not only would tribal natives have a real opportunity of managing and being responsible for their own affairs, but also they would be largely controlled by men of their own race in whom the Government has full confidence.

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Rhodesia has been criticised from many quarters—principally by missionaries—for her treatment of the native population. Mr. G. G. Ammon's questions in the House of Commons regarding the powers of Native Commissioners afford a good example of the trend of public thought. It is perfectly true that the Native Commissioners have the authority—within certain limits—of judge, jury and prosecutor, but in all cases, as the writer pointed out in the first part of this article, the native has the full right of appeal, not only to the Chief Native Commissioner, but also to the High Court.

During the past few years the writer has lived in Southern Rhodesia, and has discussed native problems with both officials of the Native Department and with the missionaries. He could find no instance of injustice. The Native Commissioners are regarded as symbols of power and justice to whom the native can appeal in case of need. At a meeting of the Southern Rhodesia Native Association in Salisbury in July of last year the question was raised as to finding a means of combating the evils of the increasing prostitution among native women, and it was unanimously decided that the powers of Native Commissioners should be made more effective. It would scarcely seem that natives look upon the Native Commissioners as the unsympathetic ogres portrayed by fanatic minds. The Government have chosen their men wisely, and native affairs rest safely in their hands.

The missionaries resemble an Opposition Party in Parliament, and are eager to administer ginger in regard to native affairs. Their kindling fires of enthusiasm, ready to blaze forth on the least provocation, are exceedingly troublesome. But, quite apart from religious teaching, they have done some excellent work, and the majority of them—particularly those of the past—are greatly to be admired. At present, the general attitude towards their activities is a little sceptical, on account of the unjust accusations continually made against the Government policy, accusations so largely based on admittedly revolting atrocities of white against black, which have occurred in comparatively small numbers spread over a period of thirty years. In any country,

should the annals of crime be scrutinized, crimes of a horrible nature will be found, and Rhodesia is no exception. But the Government policy cannot be judged on these isolated cases. Little is told of the "Black Peril", a crime of a particularly revolting nature of black against white. Yet the last few years have witnessed an alarming increase in cases of rape and attempted rape by natives on white women, and of the despicable classes of crime comprehensively known as *crimina injuria*.

The relationship of the native to his white employer is on a comparatively democratic basis. Men are still to be found who believe the native should be treated as a dog. But in the end these employers cut their own throats, for a bad name among native labour loudly echoes through the countryside. A boycott frequently follows, to which the Native Commissioner turns a deaf ear. Cases have been brought to the writer's notice of employers having been forced out of business solely on this account.

Rates of pay vary from 12s. 6d. a month to 20s. a month for unskilled labour, and from 20s. to £5 for skilled labour, with a free issue of maize, meat and salt for each man. As a high percentage of natives own cattle, farm implements and bicycles—sometimes even motor-cycles—there cannot be much wrong with the rates of pay. In Salisbury to-day the majority of hotel and household servants can be seen riding expensive bicycles, dress in attire of the latest fashion, while many white men, on account, largely, of the tobacco slump, plough their way on foot along the dusty roads. A visit to the compounds of organizations such as the British South Africa Company, and also those of individual employers, sends one away impressed with the happy atmosphere that exists: the spectacle of laughing men and women and children squatting round their huts indulging in local gossip, or discussing the peculiarities of their particular masters, scarcely supports the charges of ill-treatment. Then, again, the Saturday night singsong, when the beer-drink and the dance are in full swing, and the beating of tom-toms vibrates through the Rhodesian night, is hardly suggestive of "slavery".

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Every male native throughout the country must be in possession of a pass, which not only affords a method of identification and control, but also represents a form of contract between master and man. If the term of service is for a period longer than a month, then the signature of the local Native Commissioner is necessary. The contracting of labour for long periods of service has frequently been commented upon as akin to slavery. It is nothing of the kind. The agreement is mutual, and the natives will seldom sign on for long periods, unless they have previously worked for the employer. The demand for labour varies throughout the year. Employers frequently retain their men during certain months when there is but little work, for the purpose of securing an adequate labour supply during the planting and harvesting seasons. Naturally, the employer wishes to engage his men under a reasonable contract, so that he is not bereft of labour at the end of a slack period and the beginning of a hard undertaking. It is surprising how, year after year, the same labour will return to a particular farm.

Juvenile labour is another point upon which the country has been attacked. As it exists in practically every colony of the British Empire where coloured labour is employed, it is hard to understand why Rhodesia should be singled out for assault. Under the Native Juveniles Employment Act, promulgated on 10 December, 1926, the Government have done more to combat a necessary evil than has any other British colony. Native Commissioners have been appointed guardians, and no native juvenile under the age of fourteen years may be permitted to seek employment without having first obtained a certificate signed by the Native Commissioner. A great many children are born who have no knowledge as to their parents. Previously they have been allowed to wander about the country seeking employment here and there, ultimately to fall into bad habits and unscrupulous hands. These children now come under the Native Commissioners' direct control, who may terminate any contract of service on the grounds that the employer is an undesirable character, or that the

nature of the work is dangerous or immoral, or injurious to the health of a juvenile. The Native Commissioner may, in the absence of either the parent or other guardian, contract the juvenile for a period of service not exceeding six months to any fit and proper person desiring the service; but it is provided that the Native Commissioner who does so shall report in writing to the Chief Native Commissioner. He may hear and determine any charge or complaint brought by an employer against a juvenile in his service, and may impose either or both of the following penalties: (a) a fine not exceeding 10s.; (b) if the offender be a boy, order the administering of a summary whipping with a light cane not exceeding ten strokes. The Native Commissioner is required to report to the Attorney General in writing the full facts and circumstances of each case. There have been instances in which judges of the Supreme Court have severely commented on the imprisonment of juveniles on account of the involved herding with criminals, and have urged that their offences should, where possible, be punished with cuts of the cane instead. Imprisonment is a bad beginning for juveniles, whereas chastisement, although painful, is only what most of us have received during our younger days. (Underground in the mines, juvenile labour is no longer employed.)

There seems little doubt that the prosecutions of natives can bear investigation. If, as suggested by a fairly widespread opinion, the average native would rather be confined to jail than pay a heavy fine, then that fact alone shows that there must be something very faulty with the system of prosecution. But far-seeing Rhodesians believe this opinion to be erroneous. Natives who are frequently found guilty of purely technical offences, often committed in ignorance, feel very strongly on being thrown among a lot of hardened criminals. Although they are not actually confined in the same cells, it is bad for their morals, and, to a certain extent, brands them as criminal, with no opportunity of feeling superior to their brothers who may have been previously convicted for rape, murder or theft. When natives are found guilty of technical offences, they are, whenever

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possible, allowed to work for employers until the fines imposed have been earned, rather than be sent to prison. On the other hand, natives convicted for offences such as *crimina injuria* often receive extremely light sentences.

The Rhodesia Agricultural Union, which represents 67 farm associations, and has 2,300 members out of a total of 2,800 Rhodesian farmers, takes particular interest in the betterment of native conditions. A report of one of the meetings, published in the *Rhodesia Herald* on 18 February, 1932, particularly emphasizes the importance of developing the morals and industrial education of the native. When a Union representing such an enormous majority of farmers realizes the importance of giving the native a square deal, it seems hard to believe that employers have not got the interests of their labour at heart.

The natives of Southern Rhodesia are divided into many tribes, but from a general point of view the Matabele, the Mashona, and the Manica are the most important. The Matabele have the most historical interest, for they are descendants of Lo Bengula, the Matabele king, whose father, a Zulu chief, trekked towards Matabeleland about 1870 in search of fresh raiding and hunting ground for his tribe. Lo Bengula founded a fine and powerful race of men, who struck continual terror into the Mashonas and other weaker tribes by their raids in which the prize of women and cattle was the chief attraction.

In 1888 Lo Bengula became a monarch of almost international repute, for the granting of the mineral rights of his dominions caused considerable controversy. In that year Cecil Rhodes sent his partner, Rudd, accompanied by F. R. Thompson and Rochford Maguire, to persuade the chief to grant him the concession of these attractive rights. But they were not received with open arms. The king kept them waiting three months in the royal kraal at Bulawayo, until he made up his mind. The kraal at Bulawayo, until he made up his mind. At that time the kraal was not a pleasant place, for Lo Bengula's warriors were fast becoming out of hand and only too eager to murder the delegates and drive all other

white traders from the territory. It required all the chief's influence to prevent Rudd and his companions from being hurled into an abyss from "the place of death"—a high cliff near Bulawayo from which all executions were conducted. But although they rested under the shade of his protection, they had an extremely disagreeable time; and their simplest actions, such as bathing or cleaning their teeth, were misconstrued into witchcraft.

However, after an *Indaba* lasting two days—under a tree which still stands in the grounds of Government House, Bulawayo—Lo Bengula consented to cede the concession in return for £100 a month and various other benefits, including an armed steamer for use on the Zambesi. On 20 October, 1888, the Royal Elephant Seal was affixed to a document vesting in Rhodes and his partners "exclusive powers over all metals and minerals situated in his kingdom, principalities and dominions". The mineral rights of Rhodesia thus became the property of the British South African Company, who in May 1933 sold them to the Government of Southern Rhodesia for the sum of two million pounds.

And yet they were nearly lost, for Rudd during his hurried return journey to the Cape, while passing through the Kalahari Desert in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, found all the water-holes dried up, and was only just able to hide the precious document in an ant-hole before fainting for want of water. He was found some while later by some kindly natives who gave him water and brought him back to life. Eventually he was picked up by the High Commissioner's escort, and was able to convey the document safely to the Cape.

Thompson and Maguire had been left behind to watch over events and protect the claims. At first they retained their influence, but in 1889 there came a change. Some of the rival white traders waiting like hungry vultures in the vicinity of the king's kraal hinted that they had been guilty of witchcraft, and that unless the warriors took immediate steps to counteract this influence, their wives, children and cattle would be bewitched. A storm of hurricane force descended on the unfortunate Thompson and Maguire, and once again it required all Lo

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Bengula's influence to prevent them paying a hasty visit to "the place of death".

But even Lo Bengula began to quail before the storm, and Fairbairn, a missionary and keeper of the Elephant Seal, persuaded the Chief to send a letter to "the Great White Queen", saying that he had signed the Concession without having realized its contents. But Doctor Starr Jameson, who had considerable influence with Lo Bengula, was on safari in Matabeleland, and quickly arrived at the scene of strife. For a while his arguments were successful, but as soon as he departed Lo Bengula again succumbed to the influence of his warriors, and, although the king did all in his power to protect the lives of Thompson and Maguire, actually they had become mere hostages waiting for the document to be returned. Their position was not to be envied. However, in 1889 they made their escape.

In the meantime Rhodes was experiencing considerable difficulties from Lord Salisbury's Government at home. The Rudd Concession had not been looked upon with favour, and Lord Knutsford, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, considered that Rhodes had behaved in a premature manner; in fact, most of the Government looked upon him as a nuisance and a meddler. A message was actually sent to Lo Bengula through the High Commissioner of Bechuanaland warning him to be extremely careful about any concessions he might grant.

It was not until 1889 that the Queen granted a Royal Charta of Incorporation to the British South African Company, which, among other things, gave the full support of the Imperial Government to the Company's ownership of the Mineral Rights of Rhodesia.

For Lo Bengula, the signing of that concession was the beginning of the end. Five years later his warriors broke loose; and, after being defeated by the British troops, he fled from his Bulawayo kraal and died accompanied only by a half-caste native and an unfaithful wife.

The Matabeles are by far the finest-looking natives in Southern Rhodesia, and, although they have now intermarried with Mashona women, they still retain many of the sturdy qualities of Lo Bengula's men.

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Events in 1931, when the Matabeles of Bulawayo rose in the native location to drive out the men from other tribes, showed that the spirit of 1888 was not yet dormant.

It seems sad to feel that such a tribe has now been tamed and that the shades of their ancestors look down upon a servile race.

Civilization must take its toll as well as give its benefits, and for those who may heave a sigh of regret it is a comfort to feel that the welfare of the Matabeles and other fine tribes of Rhodesia rests safely in the hands of the Native Commissioners.

RAWDON HOARE.

ART. 8.—THE PROBLEMS OF THE SPIRITUAL CANTICLE

(A POSTSCRIPT TO MR. CARMICHAEL'S ARTICLE)*

MR. CARMICHAEL has given a lucid explanation of the problem of the two versions of the Spiritual Canticle of St. John of the Cross. The two versions differ from each other in their subject-matter: does this necessarily imply that they are by different authors; and, if so, who are the two authors; or might they be by one and the same author, who views his subject from two different angles? Mr. Carmichael, as is his right, takes one view; the present writer does not take the other, rather he inclines to the former, but as the question contains puzzling elements, and as a good case can be made out for the opposite view, he would like to sound a warning note. The last word has not been said and cannot be said at present, and, perhaps, never will be said.

Nearly thirty years ago the present writer was commissioned by Mr. Thomas Baker, the London publisher, to superintend the reprinting of the works of St. John of the Cross in Mr. David Lewis's admirable translation. Enquiries made then in Spain elicited the information (now known to have been incorrect) that the original manuscript of the Canticle, in the Saint's own handwriting, was at the Carmelite convent at Jaén. We expressed the hope (introduction, p. xix) that this precious manuscript, like those of the works of St. Teresa, would be photographically reproduced. At that time nothing was known, either in Spain or elsewhere, that the Canticle had come down to us in two widely different versions.

A highly talented young religious, only just ordained, Fr. Gerardo of St. John of the Cross (1880-1922), who from the days of his novitiate had been studying St. John of the Cross, was authorized to prepare a critical edition of the Saint's writings. It would be impossible to exaggerate his painstaking, accuracy, perseverance, enthusiasm. Three large volumes appeared from 1912-

* See DUBLIN REVIEW, Jan. 1934.

1914. No sooner had they left the printing press than they were assailed from many quarters for shortcomings which were quite inevitable. The critical edition could not be said to be final, but—and this has not always been duly acknowledged—it opened untrodden ground and put the reader in possession of a vast amount of material of which otherwise he would not even have had an idea.

Among other things, Fr. Gerardo discovered two chief versions of the *Spiritual Canticle*, both represented by a vast number of manuscripts and printed editions, with, of course, endless variants. He took the only reasonable course of printing both, one in the corpus of volume ii, the other as an appendix. The one in the corpus is that which since the beginning of the eighteenth century has exclusively held the field; it is the longer of the two, and is here referred to by the letter B. It is the one known to English readers in the translation of Mr. Lewis. The other, the shorter one, had been repeatedly printed in the seventeenth century; it is referred to as A. Fr. Gerardo, following the lead of an eighteenth-century Carmelite, Andrés of the Incarnation, who spent his life in preparing a critical edition of the Saint's writings (which, however, never appeared), thought the two versions belonged to the same work, and were by the same author, A being a rough sketch and B the final edition.

The principal differences between the two versions are: (1) the underlying poem in A has 39, in B 40 verses—but the disturbing element is that there are some manuscripts and prints of A which already have the additional verse; (2) the order of the verses (and the accompanying commentaries) in B is quite different from that in A; (3) the subject-matter is different in A from that in B. In A it is the two highest stages of the mystical experience of a soul, which are called the "*Spiritual Espousals*" and the "*Spiritual Matrimony*"; in the Prologue to the work the author distinctly states that he is not going to deal with the state of beginners, or progressives, but only with the two just mentioned. In B the Prologue has vanished, and the author deals with five

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stages : Beginners, Progressives, the Espousal, the Matrimony, and the Beatific Visions in the next life. By means of a rearrangement of the whole matter of A (verses and explanations) and by interpolations equalling about one half of the letterpress of A, the author fills up the greatly enlarged programme of B.

Who is the author ? Some scholars think that St. John of the Cross wrote both A and B, the former, as we have said, as a rough sketch, the latter as the final edition of the work. This is the opinion of the eighteenth-century editor, Fr. Andrés, of Fr. Gerardo, of Fr. Silverio, who has published a new "critical" edition, and of various other critics, chiefly Spanish. The other opinion is that St. John of the Cross wrote only A, and that B is an extraordinarily clever compilation by an entirely different hand. This is the conviction (it is more than merely an opinion) of Dom Philippe Chevallier of Solesmes, who first raised the question : is the *Spiritual Cantic* interpolated ; and who in a number of highly technical essays, and especially in his Spanish-French *variorum* edition, has given it a scientific basis. It is further adopted, with a few reserves, by P. Louis de la Trinité, at present provincial of the Paris province of the Discalced Carmelites ; it is also adopted by Mr. Carmichael in the article under notice. The disagreement is not about the facts, but about their right interpretation.

Is it thinkable that St. John of the Cross should have written a masterpiece, and then afterwards should have cut it up, rearranged it, interpolated it, tortured it in a kind of literary Procrustes' bed, and all that, not in order to make it serve for a higher end, but on the contrary to bring it down to a lower level ? If the point concerned a work of St. Teresa there would probably be no question at all : she would have taken us into her confidence in her letters. St. John was not the man to take anyone into his confidence, least of all by correspondence. And those who knew anything at all about his literary activity (in their informations for the process of beatification) knew not enough to answer this question. We are not quite so certain that St. John of the Cross

might not have done it. From this it does not follow that he actually did it; we only mean that we can see no insurmountable difficulty. Fr. Silverio reminds us that St. Teresa wrote one of her works, *The Way of Perfection*, twice. But this is no parallel, because when she first wrote she had as yet no literary experience, whereas at the second writing she vastly improved her composition by pruning, by polishing, by looking after the proportions—but without changing the subject-matter. But St. John—if he really wrote version B—did. Then there is always this supernumerary strophe, number eleven, which (with very few exceptions) does not appear in version A, but appears in version B, and of which Mr. Carmichael some years ago said (in this very Review) that, if it is not by St. John of the Cross, it ought to be.

It is agreed on all hands that version A was written specially for Ven. Anne of Jesus, who had begged him for this commentary on the Cantic, and who, being nearly as highly advanced in the spiritual life as himself, was the one person to understand it. There were probably some other nuns at Veas and at Granada who would also have greatly profited by it. But on the whole the number of nuns, or, for the matter of that, of souls whether in the cloister or in the world, who could have had experience of the Spiritual Betrothal and the Spiritual Marriage cannot have been large, and is probably not large now. Version A can only have been written for a small circle.

But at Granada, and still more at Baeza, St. John of the Cross had a very much larger circle of disciples in his own novices and students. Is it possible that in writing the *Ascent of Mount Carmel* and the *Dark Night* he should only have thought of nuns, and not also, and even more especially, of his own novices and students who certainly were in need of these instructions no less than were the nuns? And if he wrote these two books for their benefit, then why not also the Cantic which forms the climax towards which the *Dark Night* is working up? But in these novices and students he would not expect such mystical states as the "Espousal" and the "Marriage". We can therefore imagine that

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he might have adapted the Canticle to their needs, and, instead of specializing in these two matters, should have taken, one by one, all the mystical states. And furthermore, that instead of writing an entirely new work, verse or prose, he might have taken one already extant, rearranged it, completed it, and this all the more since at Baeza he certainly had much less leisure than he had at Granada.

We do not say that this actually happened. It may have ; on the other hand it may not have ; we know nothing either one way or the other ; but it is at least thinkable, and would be a good explanation of the phenomenon. Keeping this possibility in mind, we cannot fully subscribe to the Andrés-Gerardo-Silverio opinion, nor to the one of Dom Chevallier, P. Louis and Mr. Carmichael.

The upholders of the opinion that version A and version B are by different authors make capital of the superiority of the former text over the latter. It is therefore important to hear what one of the partisans of this view has to say on this point, otherwise one would wonder how anyone could have taken version B for the genuine work of St. John of the Cross. P. Louis de la Trinité says :

The inferiority of B does not appear as clearly when it goes its way alone ; the reader of St. John of the Cross, being more occupied with admiration and the search for edification than with methodical analysis and criticism, finds plentiful satisfaction. It is only when studying the two texts, side by side, both with regard to the doctrine enshrined and the literary accomplishment, that he finds B to be a compilation. Read, for instance, in B the five last strophes, and, not knowing A, you will be under the charm of newly opened horizons. Read them again, comparing them with the parallel passages of A, and you will notice at once the reviser's preoccupations and artifices in making cuts and fitting joints necessitated by these very preoccupations.*

There is, however, a strong possibility that we actually know the man who did write version B. We say "a strong possibility" because, in spite of what at first

* Louis de la Trinité, "Autour du Cantique Spirituel", in *Études Carmélitaines*, Paris, 1932 (17th year, October, 2nd vol., p. 154).

sight looks like certainty, on closer examination it does not seem quite so certain.

According to this view the author of version B is Don Augustine Antolínez, of the Order of Austin Friars, archbishop of Santiago of Compostella. He was born at Valladolid in 1554, and entered the order of Austin Friars at the age of seventeen. Having completed his studies, he filled various chairs at the universities of Valladolid and Salamanca, namely the chairs of St. Thomas, of Durandus, and of Holy Scripture, such being his learning and eloquence that the whole of Spain resounded with his praise. Having declined, in 1621, the offer of the royal preachership and of the archbishopric of Tarragona, he accepted the following year the poor bishopric of Ciudad Rodrigo (of the annual value of 3000 to 4000 reals). Two years later he became archbishop of Santiago (worth 18,000 reals) which see he retained till his death, 19 June, 1626. A man of most exalted virtue, not only did almost all his income go in alms, but he even begged of rich merchants on behalf of the poor. He wrote a life of St. John of St. Facundo, of St. Clare of Montefalcone, of St. Thomas of Villanueva, and other Saints and Beati of his Order; also a treatise on the Immaculate Conception, and "a treatise of God, most worthy to be published, one of the rare copies of which was in our library at Munich, where I often saw it, but latterly, when wanting it, I could not find it", says the Augustinian chronicler. Could that treatise have had any connexion with the Canticle?*

It is impossible to say whether Antolínez knew personally St. John of the Cross, but he certainly knew his writings. He was well acquainted with the Ven. Anne of Jesus, for whom St. John had written the Canticle, and who must have had the original manuscript, or at least a copy taken direct from it, which served as exemplar for many other copies. Long after the departure of Anne of Jesus one of the nuns at Salamanca writes that "she just remembers having lent to the Augustinians the writings of the Holy Father on the Canticle, and that the most illustrious archbishop of Santiago, Don Fray

* H. F. Ossinger, *Bibliotheca Augustiniana*, Ingolstadii, 1768, f. 59.

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Augustine Antolínez, has made a copy of them". Moreover, Antolínez wrote a theological censure of the works of St. John. So he must have known them most thoroughly.

It is well known that more than a quarter of a century elapsed after the death of St. John of the Cross before the Order bethought itself of printing his writings. We need not, at present, examine the reasons for this apparent neglect. Of course there were a great many manuscript copies, both in the hands of members of the Order and of outsiders. Large fragments of some works had been pirated. When at length the writings were given to the press, one work, the Canticle, was still withheld. "Distinguished persons demanded with threats the publication of the others." What threats, asks P. Louis, unless that of producing an edition independently of the Order? That might easily have happened. Ven. Anne of Jesus had forced the hand of the Provincial of the Discalced Carmelites by having St. Teresa's writings published by Louis of Leon, an Augustinian. She might have done the same with the writings of St. John of the Cross, and in fact the "copy" for the French edition (Paris 1622) and the Spanish edition (Brussels 1627) must have come from her. They both appeared after her death (1621). P. Louis thinks that the presence in Spain of many written copies of both the A and the B versions may have puzzled the editors of the editions of 1618 and 1619, and that, not knowing which was genuine, they left out the Canticle altogether, but that, on the Brussels edition of 1627 becoming known in Spain, there remained no reason for further withholding the Canticle, with the result that it was included in the Madrid edition of 1630 (version A). This, of course, is possible, but it appears to us more likely that in 1618 and 1619 the editors shrank from the responsibility of printing a work of such holy audacity as the Spiritual Canticle: the phantom of the Inquisition was something very real.

It appears that Antolínez had written a commentary on two of the poems of St. John, namely on "In a Dark Night", which is in eight strophes of five lines each, and

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on "O Living Flame of Love", in four strophes of six lines each. A great admirer of his, a Discalced Carmelite, speaking of this commentary, expresses the hope that it will be printed. From the wording it does not quite appear whether the arrangement proposed for the press was Antolínez' own or the copyist's, but this is how the commentary was either arranged or at least suggested to be arranged: first, an explanation of the first four strophes of the five-line poem, then of three and a half strophes of the six-line poem, then of the remaining four strophes of the five-line poem, and finally of the last half-strophe of the six-line poem—an extraordinary mix-up, regardless of the different subject-matter, the different prosody, and the different build up of the poems; and he suggests that a fairly able pen might so far improve the verses of St. John of the Cross and the commentary by His Grace of Santiago as to make them agree more closely.*

Antolínez had not contented himself with the "Dark Night" and the "Living Flame of Love", he had also commented on the Spiritual Canticle, and this is what our writer in a prefatory notice, dated 1636, to a manuscript copy of the Canticle (of course of version B) has to say:

This commentary by His Lordship the Archbishop of Santiago, Don Fray Augustine Antolínez (whom I knew when he held the Divinity chair of Prime at the university of Salamanca), a man of great learning and holiness, has been given me by Father Fray Stephen of St. Joseph, the Aragonnese, General of the Discalced Carmelites in the Kingdom of the two Castiles (1631-37), with permission to copy it, as I have done. I consider this commentary most useful for souls who endeavour to advance on the road of perfection and of mystical union with Our Lord, which we all ought to aspire to, with great reverence and humility. Don Antolínez, in fact, explains these spiritual verses more clearly than the Venerable Fray John of the Cross, and in terms easier to understand for people of all conditions, and also with a fervour of heart almost infectious; so that the interpretation of these verses by the Lord Archbishop may be compared to simple chant, and the one by Father Fray John of the Cross to figured music. And so, as all cannot rise to the understanding of matters so

* *Supplément à la Vie Spirituelle*, July-August 1926, P. [119].

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exalted, whereas what is simple and easy is within the grasp of all, this explanation will be more generally helpful than the other. All the more as the Venerable Father Fray John of the Cross wrote no commentary on the verses of the first part of this book, but only on those of the second and third, as may be seen in the volume published at Barcelona in 1919.*

From this extraordinary statement it is almost impossible not to come to the conclusion that in the B version of the Spiritual Canticle we have the work of Antolínez, and in the A version that of St. John of the Cross. In spite of this very strong probability there remain obscure points to be cleared up before we can speak with certainty. If hitherto we have taken Antolínez' work for St. John's, we should naturally like to see the latter's *ipsissima verba* published in English, but we must remind the reader that such extremely profound writings have an unfortunate way of getting into the wrong hands, as those whose duty is the guidance of souls know to their cost. Dom Chevallier reminds us that literary honesty and the ethics of publication were on a much lower level until a comparatively recent period than nowadays. The works of other Saints have been treated with no less freedom than those of St. John of the Cross.

FR. BENEDICT ZIMMERMAN, O.D.C.

* Louis de la Trinité, l.c., p. 149.

ART. 9.—THE JOYS OF ENGLAND'S JANE

TAINÉ, in his *History of English Literature*, a book that is on the Index, complains that English satire is venomous—something deadly, conceived in hate, nurtured by brooding, and born in cold bitterness—and, allowing for his prejudice and his alien outlook, we must admit that he has some right on his side. Swift and Pope, Thackeray and A. P. Herbert, are indeed terrible in their satire. Their works are fierce indictments of injustice. Scorn, contempt, moral indignation, and sometimes cruelty are their battering-rams for the onslaught against the strongholds of indifference, and the defenders are deafened, shocked, and stunned. But Taine misunderstands the method of this school because he does not understand the English temperament. These satirists have to work very hard to effect their purpose. They must resort to force and over-emphasis to make any impression on those they would attack. For, instead of hate, love is the motive that inspires them—love of truth and justice; and they have to contend against a nation of moral and mental sluggards.

The English are well fitted to be the Aunt Sallies of satire; they are so stiff and uncompromising. A satirist may get much fun out of them—they look so silly when they wobble about and then collapse; but usually the satirist is too deeply concerned with serious troubles to afford himself much amusement.

The English hate the satirist. They regard him as subversive and undesirable, and excuse their own insensibility by calling him mad. Sometimes he is popular—when his readers don't understand him, or when they think he is aiming at someone else. The French rapier-thrust pleases them; they have such thick skins that they are only tickled by it. André Maurois, for instance, is very popular; he is brilliant and quick and good-natured, and one's own good opinions and comfortable prejudices are not seriously disturbed. Mr. Belloc's *Mercy of Allah* is too near home for their sense of security, and is therefore not nearly so welcome. I have read Max Beerbohm's essays to friends, who were most polite,

although they were too conscientious to pretend they found themselves amused. The English fear subtlety; they don't understand it; it always reminds them of Jesuits. Mr. Beerbohm is subtle—so subtle as to address himself only to his peers. To be a satirist one must love greatly enough to be able to criticize. English sentimentality cannot reconcile love and criticism, a fact that is evidenced by the few happy marriages English people make.

Jane Austen criticized as well as loved. She was subtle; she laughed at conventions; she has been accused of cruelty; it was her chief talent to describe the eccentricities and foibles of mankind. Mr. Birrell has remarked of her, half humorously, "So young, yet so untender", and Sir Walter Scott complained of the dispassionate treatment of love in Jane's work. She detested pretence and exposed it fearlessly. She depended upon truth, that most unpalatable of all attributes. And yet she was, and is, and always will be popular. She is one of those rare creatures whose intrinsic worth is so great that it must be acknowledged universally, like Shakespeare, next to whom Lord Macaulay ranked her.

In her own day Jane Austen's novels met with striking success as soon as a publisher was adventurous enough to put them before the public. It was early predicted that in the future her books would be found on the same shelves as those by Mrs. Radcliffe. Mrs. Radcliffe herself admired them immensely; and now that her own works are read by the curious alone, Jane's are published and republished, annotated and surveyed to the increase of her fame. The Prince Regent enjoyed Jane's novels more than anything else. He solicited the dedication of *Emma* for himself, and showed the extent of his appreciation by inviting her to write a history of the House of Hanover. The Poet Laureate Southey said, "Her novels are more true to nature, and have (for my sympathies) passages of finer feeling than any other of this age." Sir Walter Scott wrote in his diary: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me

the most wonderful I ever met with." And posterity has so well endorsed the early good opinions of her works that the reading of them has become a cult, and Rudyard Kipling, in his short story called *The Janeites*, tells us of her power in warfare !

It is a matter of some interest, then, to enquire into the joys that Jane provides, and to discover why her readers are persuaded to love and admire her in spite of their disapproval of satirists in general.

It may be true that many of the devotees who were her contemporaries, and still more of her modern readers, favour Jane because they don't understand her, and, though the idea is disheartening to the satirist, it is a just tribute to the powers of Jane the novelist.

She is more fortunate than Pope and Swift, for they create no characters ; she is more fortunate than Defoe who lives in an alien world, than Peacock who is not readily intelligible, than Thackeray who yielded to despondency ; she is more fortunate than A. P. Herbert, Hilaire Belloc, Max Beerbohm, and all the rest—for she is feminine. She can't hurt like they can. English sentimentality concerning cruelty is in itself a refutation of cruelty in Jane. In *Pride and Prejudice* Sir William Lucas remarks to the supercilious Darcy, "I had once some thoughts of fixing in town myself—for I am fond of superior society," and one squirms for him, but Jane has done nothing more than call attention to his silliness.

The learned and logical may declare that they have no taste for novels, and delight only in facts ; then let them read Jane, for to her work, in large measure, is applicable Dr. Johnson's testimony to Shakespeare : "This, therefore, is the praise of Shakespeare ; that his drama is the mirror of life ; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the fancies that other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious extasies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, or a confessor predict the progress of the passions." Jane Austen has not Shakespeare's range, but she has many of his dramatic qualities. She deals with facts—facts of human nature ; her characters are

true ; and the actions and interactions of plot are never improbable, never exaggerated. Her work is indeed "a mirror of life", for which reason Wordsworth failed to appreciate it. Sara Coleridge has left on record that he used to say, "Unless the truth of nature were presented to him clarified, as it were, by the pervading light of imagination, it had scarce any attractions in his eyes." But we must perceive the limitations of Wordsworth's imagination if he found Jane deficient in the quality ; she identifies herself with her characters and recreates them through the refining, discriminating powers of her imagination—she refers, for example, to "the broad-faced stuffy Uncle Phillips, breathing port-wine". Probably Wordsworth deplored the lack of poetry in her writing. There is none of it—unless it be the poetic justice we meet with when the proud Darcy's aunt puts him to shame before Elizabeth, through an excess of ill-breeding, after Elizabeth has had to blush for her mother's behaviour before him. But if we want poetry we shall read it with a clarified vision and more critical judgment if we go to it from Jane.

She may be favoured now because she belongs to another era and pokes fun at things that no longer apply to us ; but that is a mistake : Jane is perennial ; the foibles she detects are in us still, but frequently her suave style is so guileless that we fail to detect her criticism, her voice is so beguiling that we don't hear her laughter. Elizabeth Bennet, discussing a projected tour of the Lake District, exclaims : "And when we return it shall not be like other travellers, without being able to give one accurate idea of anything. We *will* know where we have gone—we *will* recollect what we have seen." After the catastrophe at Lyme Regis, we learn, in *Persuasion*, that "workmen and boatmen . . . were collected near them, to be useful if wanted, at any rate to enjoy the sight of a dead young lady, nay, two dead young ladies, for it proved twice as fine as the first report". There is the passage, too, in the delicious opening chapter of *Pride and Prejudice*, so reminiscent of *Tristram Shandy* : a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Bennet. It is by no means out of date.

"Do you not want to know who has taken Netherfield Park?" cried his wife impatiently.

"*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it," Mr. Bennet replied.

And after further teasing, Mrs. Bennet cries :

"You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

And are not most of us familiar with scenes like this from *Sense and Sensibility* :

Marianne's performance was highly applauded. Sir John was loud in his admiration at the end of every song, and as loud in his conversation with the others while every song lasted. Lady Middleton frequently called him to order, wondered how anyone's attention could be diverted from music for a moment, and asked Marianne to sing a particular song which Marianne had just finished.

Of another occasion we learn that "the party, like other musical parties, comprehended a great many people who had real taste for the performance, and a great many more who had none at all".

One heroine and her love married before their house was ready, "after experiencing, as usual, a thousand disappointments and delays from the unaccountable dilatoriness of the workmen". And in those days there were fewer men with money than women desirous of marrying them.

Education even was as fit a subject for criticism then as now. In regard to girls we are told :

Mrs. Goddard was the mistress of a school—not of a seminary, or an establishment, or anything which professed, in long sentences of refined nonsense, to combine liberal acquirements with elegant morality, upon new principles and new systems—and where young ladies for enormous pay might be screwed out of health and into vanity—but a real, honest, old-fashioned boarding-school, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold

at a reasonable price, and where girls might be sent to be out of the way, and scramble themselves into a little education without danger of coming back prodigies.

Jane Austen is what she called Elizabeth Bennet, "a studier of character".

"People themselves alter so much, that there is something new to be observed in them for ever," said Elizabeth. And so it was with Jane. The daughter of a country parson with a fairly large family and a restricted income, she moved in a small circle composed of the clergy and local gentlefolk. There could be little incident for her to incorporate in her stories. The main interest of such people was to marry and get their children married, and to secure for themselves what advantages of life came their way. And in this very paucity of action lies pleasure for the surfeited of to-day. There is a tranquillity of scene, a sense of spaciousness, an absence of rush, in Jane Austen's world. The leisureliness of protracted meals and the long duration of visits soothe us. Conversation was an art; thought was not a failing. There were standards of behaviour to prevent chaos. It was a world of that lost virtue, civility. People valued wit and depended for it on themselves instead of on weekly papers. In these days of republicanism, an account of the beneficent tyranny of a County lady who controlled the affairs of the stupid and the poor is like a chapter from the Golden Age. Jane's were the times when a parish might be sure of a good example, and the poor of attention and relief: the times of night-watchmen and apothecaries; times when the question of precedence was closely attended to, although Anne was far more properly democratic than are the victims of our own vaunted feminine emancipation. Jane's characters lived in roomy eighteenth-century houses wherein was much elegant furniture. The spinet was only just out of date, and a piano was called "an instrument". Bath, Cheltenham, and Tunbridge were at the height of their fashion, and the Regent had discovered Brighton. Ladies were carried through the streets in sedan chairs, and the mode of travel along turnpike roads was on horseback, or riding in a chaise, or in a coach—which was called a chariot.

Lending libraries were established, and events of greatest moment were balls in the great houses of the neighbourhood, or subscription dances held in the assembly rooms of the local town. In these days of social freedom we enjoy, through Jane, the refinements of gentility; and through her we may turn from an age of selfishness to the days of hospitality. A country squire was never more pleased than when his company sat down to dinner twenty-four at table. Dinner was served about four o'clock, and the table was well laden. It was a lengthy meal, and one was expected to do it justice. At its conclusion the ladies withdrew and the men drank wine, after which they too went to the drawing-room and engaged in music and conversation until the arrival of tea and muffins; and after that they all played cards. Supper followed.

Ladies painted tables, netted purses, made fringes, covered screens, and learned to play and sing. Gentlemen hunted, played billiards, and shot pheasants. Ladies called their lovers by their surnames and prefixed *Mr.* when they had been some time married. Sons and daughters addressed their parents as *Sir* and *Ma'am*. These are some of the many points of difference between Jane's world and our own; but they are not such peculiarities as make us strangers to those days. For most of us they add a touch of piquancy to the stories as we read them, but they are as incidental to the development of Jane's characters as lipstick and taxis and slang are to the development of Galsworthy's.

Jane not only creates characters, she develops them. You find Fanny, in *Mansfield Park*, growing up from a timid, uninformed, ill-equipped child into a lovely, engaging woman. You sympathize with her, believe in her, grow with her; you bristle with rage when her Aunt Norris patronizes and hurts her; you are indignant when Crawford makes her his plaything; you love Edmund for loving her. You take as absorbing an interest in all Jane's central figures, for they live. You may admit that a figure like the owner of Michael Arlen's Green Hat is convincing, and thank God at the same time that you have never met anyone like her: but you

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know Jane's characters, you have known them all your life, yet you never really knew them until you met them again through Jane. That they do not now occupy the stations in life that they did in Jane's world does not matter, they are essentially the same.

Read this :

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married ; its solace was visiting and news.

(That woman, under another name, lives next door to you.) I admit Mr. Bennet is choice.

To his wife he was little otherwise indebted than as her ignorance and folly had contributed to his amusement. This is not the sort of happiness which a man would in general wish to owe to his wife ; but when other powers of entertainment are wanting, the true philosopher will derive benefit from such as are given.

And you know Mrs. Jennings ? You meet her everywhere.

Mrs. Jennings, Lady Middleton's mother, was a good-humoured, merry, fat, elderly woman, who talked a great deal, seemed very happy and rather vulgar.

And who is stranger to this lady ? She is Mrs. Norris, a vicar's widow, from Mansfield Park.

As far as walking, talking and contriving reached, she was thoroughly benevolent, and nobody knew better how to dictate liberality to others ; but her love of money was equal to her love of directing, and she knew quite as well how to save her own as to spend that of her friends.

And the young women are not few who can say with Miss Crawford that matrimony is their object, provided they can marry well.

In her technique in creating characters Jane Austen retains a nice balance, so that some of her creations move vividly before us, and others are shadowy but complete. "His brother-in law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman." Think, too, of the ridiculous old popinjay, Sir Walter Elliot, with so many large looking-glasses in his dressing-room that when Admiral Croft was in it he couldn't get away from himself. Sir Walter spent his time in such inanities as commending face-washes to ladies. Jane likes best to use the dramatic form and let her characters reveal themselves in conversation. Marianne asks Sir John Middleton, "What sort of young man is Willoughby?"

"As good a kind of fellow as ever lived, I assure you. A very decent shot, and there is not a bolder rider in England."

"And is *that* all you can say for him!" cried Marianne indignantly. "But what are his manners on more intimate acquaintance? What his pursuits, his talents, and genius?"

Sir John was rather puzzled. "Upon my soul," said he, "I do not know much about him as to all *that*. But he is a pleasant, good-humoured fellow, and has got the nicest little black bitch of a pointer I ever saw."

Mrs. Jennings' daughter, Charlotte Palmer, reveals herself gradually but surely as a congenital idiot, and provokes others to give themselves away as easily.

Sometimes Jane allows herself an illuminating commentary on a speech in order to illustrate character. Admiral Croft's wife, speaking to Mrs. Musgrove about her travels, remarked:

"I never went beyond the Streights, and never was in the West Indies. We do not call Bermuda or Bahama, you know, the West Indies." Mrs. Musgrove had not a word to say in dissent; she could not accuse herself of having ever called them anything in the whole course of her life.

Or thus:

Lady Middleton resigned herself to the idea [of receiving elegant guests] with all the philosophy of a well-bred woman, contenting herself with merely giving her husband a gentle reprimand on the subject five or six times a day.

We find a study of a quiet, gentle, elderly invalid in Mr. Woodhouse, tenderly and perhaps reminiscently done. He objects to fresh air, imagines everything that is bad for him must be injurious to others, and is so insistent upon the necessity of early hours that he says, "The sooner every party breaks up the better." At a party in his house, torn between hospitality and discretion, he said: "Mrs. Goddard, what do you say to *half* a glass of wine? A *small* half-glass, put into a tumbler of water? I do not think it could disagree with you."

Perhaps in the following passage Jane reveals her own private love as much as her sympathetic insight into other people's characters:

"If I were as rich as Mr. Darcy," cried a young Lucas who came with his sisters, "I should not care how proud I was. I would keep a pack of fox-hounds and drink a bottle of wine every day."

"Then you would drink a great deal more than you ought," said Mrs. Bennet; "and if I were to see you at it I should take away your bottle directly." The boy protested that she should not; she continued to declare that she would, and the argument ended only with the visit.

And this was written of an impossible though good-natured woman, with five daughters and no son!

In Jane Austen's novels matrimony plays a large part, with schemes for it, obstacles in the way of it, and its effect on the mental make-up of an extraordinary variety of people. It is admittedly the proper end of woman, and it is not only justifiable but natural and right that she should strive after it.

"Bingley likes your sister undoubtedly, but he may never do more than like her, if she does not help him on," Miss Lucas tells her friend; and when she herself becomes engaged at the age of twenty-seven, her small brothers are relieved of the agony of having Charlotte die an old maid! Jane has some remarks very much to the point on this subject: "Pray, dear Aunt, what is the difference in matrimonial affairs between the mercenary and the prudent motive?"

But although love is the theme of most of her brilliantly depicted lives, Jane is never mawkish. She makes sur-

prisingly little of her love scenes. Just as she despised the fashion of glorifying a heroine beyond the limits of credibility, so she scorned the habit of sentimentalizing over lovers. She shows us no simpering misses, but women of perception, of telling qualities, above all of fortitude. Writing in an age of little reticence in these matters, as far as literature was concerned, she satirizes the sentiments and their authors and their readers. Elinor typifies Sense, and Marianne revels in Sensibility, and Jane leaves us in no doubt of her contempt for one and admiration of the other. Upon Willoughby's desertion Marianne "was without power, because she was without desire of any command over herself", and she "would have thought herself very inexcusable had she been able to sleep at all the first night of parting from" him. "Her sensibility was potent enough": she played, and pored over, all the music he had enjoyed with her, and "this nourishment of grief was every day applied. She spent whole hours at the pianoforte alternately singing and crying." Eventually Willoughby was knave and fool enough to marry the wrong woman, from mercenary motives, but, says Jane, "that he was for ever inconsolable, that he fled from society, or contracted an habitual gloom of temper, or died of a broken heart, must not be depended on—for he did neither. He lived to exert and frequently to enjoy himself. His wife was not always out of humour nor his home always uncomfortable!"

Those were the days of hysterics and fainting-fits and sensibility. Jane would have none of them. She created her own heroines as women possessed of self-control, and satirized other people's. Instead of expatiating on a marriage, she writes:

It was a very proper wedding. The bride was elegantly dressed; the two bridesmaids were duly inferior; her father gave her away; her mother stood with salts in her hand, expecting to be agitated; her aunt tried to cry; and the service was impressively read by Dr. Grant.

Jane will not tolerate all the balderdash eighteenth-century readers were used to, and has a good deal to say on parental wrath and snobbishness.

Jane is equally derisive of extravagant sentiments about nature. When Edward Ferrars visited the Dashwoods in Devonshire, having come from their old home :

"And how does dear, dear Norland look ?" cried Marianne.

"Dear, dear Norland," said Elinor, "probably looks much as it always does at this time of year—the woods and walks thickly covered with dead leaves."

There is the minimum of description in the novels, yet the setting of every scene is distinct, and full of colour. When lovers are in beautiful gardens or a group of people assemble in an elegant house, there are no poetic effusions : for Jane it is the people who count, not their surroundings. She cleverly produces her effect by conversation sometimes, as where Miss Bates keeps up a running commentary on the ballroom and each successive arrival in the Crown Hotel. Or she will describe a scene by describing the action in it, like this : Anne and Lady Russell have called on Mrs. Musgrove, whose children have returned from school, and who has some other children staying with her :

"Immediately surrounding Mrs. Musgrove were the little Harvilles, whom she was sedulously guarding from the tyranny of the two children from the Cottage, expressly arrived to amuse them. On one side was a table occupied by some chattering girls, cutting up silk and gold paper ; and on the other were tressels and trays, bending under the weight of brawn and cold pies where riotous boys were holding high revel ; the whole completed by a roaring Xmas fire, which seemed determined to be heard in spite of all the noise of the others.

and Mrs. Musgrove said that after all she had gone through while she was away, "nothing was so likely to do her good as a little quiet cheerfulness at home".

Jane's sense of drama is what one would expect from a woman who had spent so much time in amateur theatricals, at home, in her youth ; but her art in writing often veils her dramatic skill. Her situations are so well prepared, so cleverly introduced, and so inevitable in their sequence that the reader never sees the machinery at work. She always has a story to tell, and an absorbing

one too. A mere analysis of character is not her object. It is the interplay between personality and circumstance that she studies and presents. She tells, always, an ordinary story about ordinary people (and what more ordinary than lovers and their love affairs?), and she produces extraordinary effects out of commonplace material. In *Persuasion* the principal characters are together at Lyme Regis. They are walking along the sea wall, and decide to descend and go back to the inn. Louisa has been trying to captivate the captain, and when the rest of the party go down to the beach by way of the steps she becomes kittenish and wants him to jump her down from the top of the sea wall. He does it. She has the thrill of being caught and supported in his strong arms. She runs back up the steps and wants to be jumped down again.

He advised her against it, thought the jar too great; but no, he reasoned and talked in vain, she smiled and said, "I am determined I will," he put out his hands; she was too precipitate by half a second; she fell on the pavement . . . and was taken up lifeless! There was no wound, no blood, no visible bruise; but her eyes were closed, she breathed not, her face was like death.

Jane understands the immense importance of little things. It is a girl's momentary silliness that brings real tragedy into the life of a family, not some blazing deed of improbable grandeur: the marvel is that she has the power of communicating such a situation to us with telling force. Little things—the essential, little things: it is less the actions in which a naval officer is engaged that are important in his life than his visit, on leave, to a friend's house where he meets a girl with kind eyes. And from chapter to chapter, from page to page, Jane unfolds her story, and, although we may believe that everything will end happily, we never know what turn events will take. There is surely a strong affinity between the dramatists of her age and Jane. The comedy of manners that they inaugurated and developed, passed on to Wilde, and left to the tender mercies of Noel Coward and the author of *Spring Cleaning* has, in Jane Austen's novels, with not so very many technical differ-

ences, an exponent of delicacy and perception, sensitiveness and keen wit. Through two chapters in *Mansfield Park* we listen to the bickering and squabbling that goes on between the actors in the preparation of a play to be performed at home while Sir Thomas is abroad. Over the whole proceedings hangs an air of impending doom. Then, when the first rehearsal of all the three acts is in progress, and everyone's nerves are frayed to a thin edge, Julia rushes in to say the formidable Sir Thomas has returned. And all this, as is generally the way with Jane, has been seen through one character's eyes.

Jane never flags, she tells her story with spirit; and the scene, for example, between Darcy and Elizabeth upon his first proposing to her is not only one of the most extraordinary of its kind, but is far stronger and more convincing than most narrations of emotional reactions in modern novels. Neither Trollope nor Charlotte Brontë has so ruthlessly painted the parsonic buffoon as Jane has. She tells us that "Mr. Collins was not a sensible man, and the deficiency of nature had been but little assisted by education or society". His letter, announcing his arrival to Mr. Bennet, shows that he

has been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish, where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England.

He has come to Longbourn to choose a wife from among his cousins, as a recompense to the family for inheriting the estate on his uncle's death, and, upon a word from Mrs. Bennet anent the expected match between Jane and Bingley, he fastens his attentions on Elizabeth, to whom he proposes, a day or two before he is due to depart, in this way :

My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced

it will add very greatly to my happiness ; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness.

Elizabeth, of course, refuses him. When he at last realizes she is serious, she goes to her room, and he is left to tell Mrs. Bennet of her unaccountable behaviour, Mrs. Bennet is as scandalized as himself ; she assures him she will put things right, runs to the library and demands that Mr. Bennet shall insist on Elizabeth accepting Mr. Collins. Elizabeth is sent for to the study. Mrs. Bennet reiterates her arguments, and declares she will never see Elizabeth again unless she changes her attitude. Mr. Bennet turns to his daughter :

“An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*.”

And Mrs. Bennet is left to the consolations of her nervous complaints. And Mr. Collins is left to the consolation of an indisputable moral reflection. Elizabeth's refusal has left him in doubt of her qualifications for securing his complete happiness, and he is now able to assure Mrs. Bennet that “I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation”.

Then Miss Charlotte Lucas arrives, and she proves so sympathetic a friend to Mr. Collins that next day, “in as short a time as Mr. Collins' long speeches would allow, everything was settled between them to the satisfaction of both”, and their engagement is announced. Mrs. Bennet is furious.

In the first place she persisted in disbelieving the whole of the matter ; secondly, she was very sure that Mr. Collins had been taken in ; thirdly, she trusted that they would never be happy together ; and fourthly, that the match might be broken off.

By way of having the last word she remarks :

"Well, if they can be easy with an estate that is not lawfully their own, so much the better. I should be ashamed of having one that was only entailed on me."

Later on Mr. Collins writes again to Mr. Bennet about the errant Lydia and her husband :

"You ought certainly to forgive them, as a Christian, but never to admit them in your sight, or allow their names to be mentioned in your hearing."

And consider Mrs. Bennet's agitation upon learning of Elizabeth's engagement to the proud Darcy. She has had no inkling of an attachment, and has hitherto considered Darcy to be of all things her aversion. Now she is dumb, then she fidgets, gets up, sits down, then breaks out :

"Good gracious ! Lord bless me ! only think ! dear me ! Mr. Darcy ! Who would have thought it ? And is it really true ? Oh, my sweetest Lizzie ! how rich and how great you will be ! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have ! Jane's is nothing to it, nothing at all ! I am so pleased—so happy ! Such a charming man ! So handsome ! So tall ! Oh, my dear Lizzie ! pray apologize for my having disliked him so much before. I hope he will overlook it. Dear, dear Lizzie ! A house in Town ! Everything that is charming ! Three daughters married ! Ten thousand a year ! Lord, what will become of me ? I shall go distracted !"

I cannot hope to have discovered in this examination why the English love Jane who flouts them. Perhaps the question is of small importance ; for my part I am content to say with Kipling :

Jane lies in Winchester—blessed be her shade !
Praise the Lord for making her, and her for all she made !
And while the stones of Winchester, or Milsom Street, remain,
Glory, love and honour unto England's Jane !

RONALD RICHINGS.

ART. 10.—ABBOT CHAPMAN

HENRY PALMER CHAPMAN, in religion Dom John, O.S.B., was the son of the Ven. F. R. Chapman, Archdeacon of Sudbury and Canon of Ely, and his wife, Mary Frances Bedford. He was born at Ashfield, Suffolk, on April 25, 1865, being the youngest of the family and the only boy. Put to join the lessons given to his sisters, while still almost a baby, he at once gave proof of exceptional intelligence and an astonishing memory; growing up practically bilingual, for he could not remember a time when he did not speak French almost as easily as English. As a child his delicacy of constitution occasioned anxiety, but in spite of this he was sent for a time to Dr. Hawtrey's famous Preparatory School, where he carried off practically every prize!

His father had intended that, on leaving Hawtrey's, the boy should go to Eton, but his health forbade this. Instead he remained at home from the age of fourteen, working with tutors for a few hours every day, and filling in the rest of his time by omnivorous reading, in which Art history and criticism, Architecture, Literature, and Poetry figured largely; varied by occasional dashes into Egyptology, Hebrew, Music and Sketching, with many hours of novel-reading, English, French, German, and Italian. It was, as he himself described it, "a curious preparation for life", and it left its mark upon him to the end, thanks to his amazing memory. But he lost the one great advantage of a public-school education; viz. that process of erosion, whereby the too protuberant features of a boy's character are ground down by rubbing shoulders with some hundreds of other boys. Had he gone through the mill at Eton, Dom John would probably have emerged no less brilliant or original, but more tolerant of stupidity, more patient with those who could not keep pace with his rapidity of thought and argument, and without the tendency to overstress some notes of his personality, which jarred at times, and led some to judge him unfairly. His health improved steadily during this period, however, and, while never a strong man, he developed a physique which was equal to the exacting

demands he made upon it by his life of unceasing work as monk and student.

At Michaelmas 1883 he entered at Christ Church, Oxford, but did not go into residence until the following January. A photograph taken at this date shows him as a decidedly handsome young man, with a heavy dark moustache, who evidently took considerable pains over his toilet ; a conclusion borne out by a contemporary, who writes of him :

One remembers him endowed with social gifts which made him acceptable and welcome among men of quite different types. Highly strung, vivacious, overflowing with humour, brilliant in conversation, he was never the creature of moods ; his self-control and his will being even then far more disciplined than we thought. There was much about him in his Oxford days which would have made those whose knowledge of him was only superficial smile at the thought of his ever becoming a monk. Extremely well dressed, because it never occurred to him that you could get your clothes from any but one particular London tailor, or your boots from anyone but Peal, or wear any coat in winter except a fur one. It never occurred to him that you could play on anything but a grand piano ; so a grand piano was in his rooms and in his lodgings.

That he did a considerable amount of work during his years at Oxford is proved by the fact of his taking a first in Greats ; though he personally declared his success to be "more due to cleverness in essay-writing and a very quick concentration of thought, added to a real love of philosophy, than to any accurate stores of learning".

After taking his degree, in the summer of 1887, he stayed up at Oxford for another year reading Theology, in which he took a second. But the year was an important one, since in it he decided finally to take Orders in the Church of England.

Archdeacon Chapman's father had been a partner in the firm of Herries, Farquhar and Chapman, Bankers, of St. James's Street, and the original plan for Dom John had been that, on going down from Oxford, he should obtain a post in the Treasury Office, which his family

influence would secure for him, or possibly a berth in the Diplomatic Service. But in 1885 the death of his mother—to whom he had been devotedly attached—turned his thoughts in more serious directions; and the influence of some Oxford friends, notably that of his tutor (the late R. L. Ottley, subsequently Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford), had decided him.

In July 1888 he went to Cuddesdon, the Theological College near Oxford, of which Ottley was now Vice-Principal—a fact which no doubt influenced his choice—and remained there a year. He already possessed a knowledge of Catholic Theology far beyond that of the average Church of England clergyman; for, in a letter of this date, he mentions “St. Thomas, Scotus, St. Bonaventure, Vasquez, Soto, Suarez”, among the authors he has “read and analysed”. The chief effect of his time at Cuddesdon, therefore, was on the spiritual side, and he began there that inner life, with its habits of prayer and regularity, which, humanly speaking, led him to the cloister, and made him essentially a contemplative, despite his diverse interests and varied activities.

In June 1889, having accepted the offer of a curacy at the parish of St. Pancras, London, he was ordained deacon at St. Paul’s by Bishop Temple, and entered at once on his duties, under the Rev. H. L. Paget (subsequently Bishop of Chester), who was then Vicar of St. Pancras. Despite some misgivings as to his fitness for parish work, his strong sense of duty made him throw all his energies into it; but it proved disappointing and distasteful. The parish contained a large proportion of mean streets; the houses being let out in tenements, whose occupants changed too often to permit any real influence being brought to bear upon them. “I found the smells and the filth of the overcrowded houses appalling”, he wrote later; and, like many over-sensitive men, he worried constantly about the conditions under which his people lived, forgetting that they were so accustomed thereto as to be almost unconscious of what, to him, were so many petty horrors.

More serious grounds for worry were not long in appearing, for Dom John, whose reading had embraced

many works of history as well as of theology, found himself involved in ever deepening difficulties as to the position of the Church of England, and the validity of High Church pretensions; of which his keenly logical mind and robust common sense—while they made it easy for him to grasp and accept the entire system of Catholic theology—became increasingly suspicious. As a preliminary to ordination he had, of course, to swear to the XXXIX Articles, but he disliked doing so intensely, writing a day or two later: "I confess that I have still qualms of conscience, and that never in my life have I committed any action which made me feel so uncomfortable."

He seems to have been assured that work in a parish would allay his doubts by creating new interests. But long before the year he had to serve as a deacon was completed, he had become too uncertain of his position to proceed to priest's orders, and he felt obliged to tell his vicar that he thought he ought not to continue working at St. Pancras. On the latter's suggestion he spent a short holiday at Oxford; but long hours of study at the Bodleian and the Pusey House, aided by conferences with Dr. Gore and the learned Canon Bright of Christ Church, both of whom were old friends of his, brought no restoration of confidence in the Anglican position, but rather confirmed the Catholic view. Then came Trinity Sunday with the reminder that he ought properly to have been ordained priest on that day, had not his difficulties made this impossible; and a little later he left the parish for good.

Just at this date it chanced that Archdeacon Chapman had taken a lease of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk, and there Dom John spent the next few months. The beautiful old Tudor house—the seat of the Gage family, which had always remained Catholic—contained a library of Catholic books as well as a private chapel; the tenants, however, being precluded from holding services in the latter. Long hours of reading in the one and of prayer in the other brought no final decision, and eventually Dom John decided to go and spend some time quite alone, in a place where he knew nobody, and so would be free from the

silent influences of home and family, which held his heart too firmly to allow his brain fair play.

In November 1890, therefore, he betook himself to Dovercourt, near Harwich, a little seaside resort quite destitute of visitors so late in the season, and there, in complete solitude, the last round of his spiritual conflict was fought. In a letter written from there to one of his greatest friends and confidants, he wrote :

Please pray for me, as my difficulties are a real terror and agony. I am in a great strait. People talk lightly about "secession" as the "easy path". If only they knew what it feels like ! And I have known it for six months almost unbearably. So pray for me—not that my path may be made easy, but that it may be plain, and that I may have the grace to walk in it by the light of the Lord.

Ten days were passed at Dovercourt in a solitude and silence that were all but absolute ; the sequel can be told in his own words :

He had completed an intellectual and spiritual self-examination, and he could see only one course open to him. He might go on for ever reading, without getting any clearer. He had long had no belief in the Church of England. On the other hand, he saw a Church, one, historical, uninterrupted in her succession, unfaltering in her witness to truth, the Mother of the martyrs and the saints, outnumbering still all the many sects which had gone out from her. There was only one road to certainty, to intellectual satisfaction. He felt no attraction, only fear at the darkness before him. He saw the pain to his father, the division from friends, the complete change like death that threatened him. But he determined to act calmly and coldly, according to the dictates of reason, and with the help that he could count upon from prayer.

One day more was spent in writing a few letters, the chief of which was to his father. He said that he had decided to go to London, and ask for instruction at the Oratory. He knew no priest personally. He added a list of books he had read—to show, he said, that he could not possibly have neglected any serious argument on either side. Another day passed in an attempt at some spiritual exercise. Next day he went, at last, to London.

On December 7, 1890, he was reconciled to the Catholic Church at the Oratory, by Father Kenelm Digby Best, who remained always one of his greatest friends.

No one who has not actually gone through the experience, can appreciate fully the mental suffering involved in such a severance from all that has hitherto been nearest and dearest in life, or tell the veritable agony which it entails on the soul which thus leaves everything for conscience' sake. Beside the anxiety of a leap into the unknown, and those lingering fears of Catholicism as a system which a Protestant upbringing bites into the soul as acid bites an etching into the copper, there is the cruel pain of knowing that the action, which seems an overpowering duty to him who does it, must cause the keenest suffering and bitterest disappointment to those whom, most of all, he hates to wound; with the realization that what costs the convert so dear must seem, to those he leaves, a piece of wanton folly or infatuation, almost akin to madness.

Only too often the strain is so great that those relations of love and friendship, which promised to be eternal, snap beneath the severity of the test. It speaks eloquently for both sides when, as in Dom John's case, the old affectionate relations survive between the one who has "gone over to Rome" and so large a number of those he leaves behind him when he comes to the parting of the ways.

Among the friends Dom John had made at Cuddesdon there were two—R. P. Camm and L. B. Lasseter—who, like himself, had caught "Roman fever" but had made their submission more speedily. To both of them he wrote, at once, the news of his reception, and both replied begging him to go and see them; Brother Bede Camm from the Abbey of Maredsous, where he was now a Benedictine Novice, Mr. Lasseter from Rome, where he was completing his studies for the priesthood.

Dom John accepted both invitations, going to Maredsous for Christmas, and staying nearly three weeks there before going on to Rome, which he reached about the middle of January 1891. Soon afterwards he writes to a friend in England:

You must pray for me, please, as I have a great deal to decide. I hope to know clearly what is God's will concerning me before

I go back—whether I shall be a Benedictine or an Oratorian or what—or whether a Trappist, or a Jesuit, in or out of disguise ! However, if I pray a great deal, I am quite sure God will lead me. I am intensely happy, as you may suppose.

Three months later the decision was made, and after assisting at Lasseter's ordination on Holy Saturday, he returned to England ; spending a few days at Maredsous *en route*, before entering the Jesuit Noviciate at Manresa House, Roehampton, in the end of April 1891. Eight months there made it clear both to the Novice-Master and to himself that his vocation was not to the Society of Jesus. In December, therefore, he left Manresa, having first—on the advice of his Jesuit Directors—applied to the Abbot of Maredsous for admission to the Noviciate there. His petition being granted, the second Noviciate proved successful, and he took his simple vows a year later, in March 1893 ; was ordained priest by special dispensation at Whitsuntide 1895, and solemnly professed at Erdington in October of that year.

The Priory of St. Thomas of Canterbury, at Erdington, was a foundation made by Benedictine monks of the Congregation of Beuron in the year 1876, at what was then a little village four miles out of Birmingham ; but in the nineteen years which had elapsed only a single English subject had joined the community before the arrival of Dom Bede Camm and Dom John Chapman in 1895. In August 1896 Erdington was raised to the rank of an Abbey, and Abbot de Hemptinne of Maredsous—whom Pope Leo XIII had now appointed Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order—endeavoured to secure the nomination of Dom John as its first Abbot, despite the very short time he had spent in the monastic state. The right of appointment, however, rested with Dom Placid Wolter, the Arch-abbot of Beuron, since Erdington had been founded by that Abbey ; but the influence of Abbot de Hemptinne, who had formerly been Prior of Erdington and so possessed an intimate knowledge of the place and its needs, naturally carried great weight with him. For nearly three years the matter lay in abeyance, until at length Dom Ansgar Höckelmann, a monk of

Beuron who had lived for some time at Erdington, was appointed in July 1899. It was natural, no doubt, for a German Arch-abbot to appoint a German monk as Abbot of a monastery founded from Germany, with a community predominantly German ; but in view of later developments the decision was unfortunate. The history both of Erdington and of Downside would have been different if the advice of Abbot de Hemptinne had been followed.

In his various offices—Sub-prior, Novice-Master and Prior—Dom John threw himself into the work of the place, striving especially to build up a community of English monks, who in time might replace those borrowed from various houses of the Beuron Congregation on the Continent. The time left free from conventual and official duties, he devoted to writing, and his numerous articles in the *Revue Bénédictine*, the *Journal of Theological Studies*, etc., dealing with knotty points of Patrology or early Church history, soon gained him a recognized position in the front rank of patristic scholars, both in England and abroad.

His reputation as an authority in such studies brought him a large correspondence, which made heavy inroads upon his time ; for he never failed to reply to such letters, often writing at great length to correspondents unknown to him personally, who perhaps failed to realize the labour and research that were needed to answer their questions. He looked on such work as the way in which he could best serve the Catholic cause, and never grudged the time given to it, least of all when the appeal came from one in authority, as it did when Bishop Ilsley of Birmingham begged him to "write a popular pamphlet" in answer to Bishop Gore's book *The Roman Catholic Claims* ; a cheap edition of which had been issued on the occasion of the latter's translation to the new Anglican See of Birmingham.

In this instance the labour was enormous, since it involved checking references by the hundred, examining passage after passage from the early Fathers, to see that the extracts were not used unfairly when divorced from their context, etc. The "popular pamphlet" thus

grew into a highly technical work of some 80,000 words, the whole being completed in a bare three months! As a reply to Dr. Gore it was overwhelming, but the publication had the unfortunate result of labelling Dom John as a controversialist in the eyes of the public, and it was a lifelong source of chagrin to him that his other far more important writings never corrected the impression thus established. He had hoped before his death to reissue a number of his most important articles, revised and corrected in the light of subsequent study, but apart from one volume, *Studies in the Early Papacy*, issued by Messrs. Sheed and Ward in 1928, nothing of the kind was achieved, and the vast extent of his learning can only be realized by those who will go to the labour of disinterring his work from the various learned periodicals wherein it lies entombed.

It was during the Erdington period, also, that he published his two most important books, viz. *John the Presbyter* and *Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels*, both issued by the Oxford Press in the year 1908. The former attacked, and one may say disposed of, the theory propounded by Professor Harnack and other critics, that the Fourth Gospel was written, not by the Apostle St. John, but by a certain "John the Presbyter" mentioned by Papias. It is a good example of his critical methods and especially of the use of sheer common sense in dealing with too ingenious theories, which was a feature of all his work. The latter book had an effect on his subsequent career, since it was primarily responsible for his being sent to Rome to work on the Commission for the revision of the Vulgate, which occupied him for several years after the war.

Although he had lived in England since 1895, Dom John remained a monk of Maredsous, being only "lent" to Erdington by Abbot de Hemptinne. The latter had always cherished the idea of making another Foundation in England, if possible at Oxford, a scheme which had the enthusiastic support of Dom John. Nothing was done, however, and the idea had almost faded, when in 1909 Abbot de Hemptinne was succeeded as Abbot of Maredsous by an Irishman, Dom Columba Marmion.

The unusual circumstance of a British subject being Abbot of the Belgian monastery not unnaturally revived the hopes of the English monks at Erdington, and the project of a new Foundation was taken up with energy by Dom John and others. Abbot Marmion, always more enthusiastic than practical, gave it his blessing, and a devout English layman, who had a scheme for establishing a Catholic village as a "dormitory" for Catholics working in London, volunteered to supply a site if the new Abbey would plant itself at an appropriate locality. It must be owned that the Abbot of Erdington threw cold water on the scheme, but as the new monastery was to be an offshoot of Maredsous, he could do no more than indicate the objections to it; and these were thought to be counter-balanced by the support which it was felt could be relied upon from Abbot de Hemptinne, who was still Abbot Primate, though he had resigned his post as Superior of Maredsous.

For months letters passed between the various parties interested, and in 1911 Dom John and others inspected place after place, in search of a suitable property, with a house that could serve as a nucleus for the future Abbey. Eventually a place was actually chosen, near Dorking, the purchase price was agreed upon, the devout layman was ready to co-operate, and it only remained to secure official approval by the General Chapter of the Beuron Congregation, which discussed the proposal early in the year 1912. What precisely were the reasons governing its decision was not divulged, though it can hardly have ignored the danger to Erdington of a rival Beuronese monastery established in a position so far superior to that which had now become a suburb of Birmingham. But the result was an absolute veto of the scheme by authority, and a few weeks later Dom John was recalled to Maredsous by Abbot Marmion; he had been at Erdington almost seventeen years, the last seven of them as Claustal Prior.

He now spent nine months or so at Maredsous, or in giving retreats to various convents, planning to do some important literary work in the immediate future; but Providence had other designs for him. In February 1913

he learned of his appointment to the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, with the corollary that he would henceforth reside in Rome for the greater part of the year. But almost at once came the conversion of the Caldey Benedictines, and he was ordered instead to go to Caldey, as Superior, for a year at least ; while Abbot Carlyle was doing his Noviciate at Maredsous. This appointment was made by Pope Pius X himself, and so could not be declined, but it was one of no little difficulty and required all the tact and consideration Dom John possessed ; since it laid on him the whole responsibility of forming the Anglican community into a Catholic one, and of substituting traditional Benedictine ideas and methods for those which had grown up and become habitual in the community during the years of its development in the Church of England. The January number of *Pax* bears eloquent witness to his success in the duty imposed upon him, saying : "No one else could have discharged this very delicate task as he did."

His time at Caldey ended just as the world plunged into war in August 1914. There could be no question of a return to Maredsous, from which a number of the younger monks had fled to England, to be received for some months at Downside. There Dom John joined them, acting as their Professor of Theology until early in 1915, when they moved to Ireland and he was left free to take a commission as Chaplain to the Forces. He at once offered himself to the War Office, and after the usual delays was gazetted Chaplain and instructed to proceed to Salisbury Plain to join the —th Brigade of "Kitchener's Army". The brigade in question had completed its training and was waiting for a supply of rifles and machine-guns to enable it to take the field. But the delay of a couple of months or so proved an advantage to Dom John, since it gave him time to learn the ways of the Army, and get accustomed to a Chaplain's work before going to France. At last the long-awaited rifles arrived, and later still the machine-guns. A course of musketry practice was hurried through, and at the end of July 1915 the brigade arrived in France.

Dom John was now past fifty years old, and had never

been a robust man, but he went through with the job he had undertaken, sharing the dangers and hardships of life in the trenches with the 12th King's Liverpools, to which he was attached. The autumn of 1915 was wretchedly wet, and the mud and misery of trench life under the conditions then prevailing will never be forgotten by those who endured them; but in his letters he made light of the whole. In September he injured one of his knees, and this, though fortunately it did not prevent him from riding as he went about his work, made the difficulties greater than before. He carried on, however, until mid-November, when the M.O. ordered him to hospital, in the hope that a week or two of rest would cure the trouble. Instead of this, it was found necessary to invalid him home, and he remained in hospital until Christmas Eve. After a short leave he was stationed at Boyton Camp, Wilts, for several months, and then returned to France until, at the end of 1917, he was transferred to Switzerland, where a Chaplain with the gift of tongues was urgently needed for the camps of interned prisoners, who were drawn from various nations and languages. Here he remained until the Armistice.

On demobilization, in 1919, Dom John at last took up his residence in Rome, at San Calisto, and began to work on the Vulgate Commission under Cardinal Gasquet, who had secured his appointment thereto in 1913; devoting to this practically all his time and energy until the end of 1922. He was already a recognized authority on the subject, and the large collection of photographs, collations of MSS., etc., already in the hands of the Commission enabled him to bring his knowledge to a very high degree of perfection.

Although Cardinal Gasquet was President of the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, he left the decision on points of textual criticism to his two chief assistants, since he was not himself an expert on this highly technical subject. Unfortunately, these two authorities did not see eye to eye on a fundamental issue; viz. the best method to adopt in deciding upon the text, where the MSS. gave variant readings. In spite of prolonged dis-

cussion no agreement had been arrived at when, in the end of 1922, the newly elected Abbot of Downside, Dom Leander Ramsay, asked that Dom John might return to Downside—to which Abbey he had been affiliated in 1919—to take up the post of Claustal Prior. After some hesitation Cardinal Gasquet agreed to release him, and on Christmas Eve he was installed in his new office.

With the return to Downside in December 1922 Dom John's life enters upon its last phase. The post of Claustal Prior gave scope for the use of his learning, which ranged over an extraordinary variety of subjects, for he was always ready to help any who came to consult him, whether in theology, philosophy, classics, art or music. He would be found in the School at one time, giving a class in religious instruction to the senior boys, or playing for the youthful musicians a programme of Chopin—which he still executed with great artistry, though perhaps a less skilful technique than in earlier years—at another time, in the monastery teaching scripture or theology or philosophy to the younger monks.

Despite all this, and the constant interruptions to which a prior is always subject, he found time to write a number of articles, many reviews of books, and in particular his last published volume, the brilliant, if sometimes too ingenious, study *St. Benedict and the Sixth Century*, which appeared in 1929.

It did not take long for the resident *familia* at Downside to appreciate his greatness both of mind and heart, and he soon became the confidant and adviser of many in things spiritual and temporal alike. Consequently, when Abbot Ramsay died in March 1929, the community gave Dom John a supreme proof of their regard by choosing him for Abbot; a wonderful evidence of the position he had won among them since—almost a complete stranger—he had petitioned for affiliation to the Abbey, less than ten years before.

Plans for a permanent library and an additional wing to the monastery were the first things to occupy his mind. These he insisted on working out in detail himself, declaring—with characteristic exaggeration—that he had drawn many more plans in his life than any professional

architect ! But he allowed Sir Giles Scott a free hand in designing a new science block, which was added to the school within a year of his election ; and the same artist was left untrammelled in designing the beautiful tomb over the grave of Cardinal Gasquet in the Abbey Church. The new choir-stalls, however, which are a replica of those at Chester, indicate Abbot Chapman's personal preference for purely imitative work—typical of the "Gothic Revival"—which he had acquired in his mid-Victorian youth, and retained, unaltered, to the end. To supply the much-needed accommodation in the monastery, he had a wing of temporary cells erected on the west side of the cloister garth, and this—by the irony of fate—remains his sole addition to the monastery, since later developments led him to abandon the scheme he had elaborated so carefully for a library and permanent wing.

The plans for these had been approved and the site actually pegged out for digging the foundations when, in January 1932, he received private information that Milton Abbey, Dorset, was for sale. The news interested him enormously, since Milton was the only pre-Reformation Abbey not in ruins, which was in private hands and capable of reacquisition by the monks who had built it. Adjoining the beautiful Abbey Church was a great house, incorporating part of the former monastery, while, close at hand, was a Norman chapel, said to stand on the site of one built by Athelstane after the battle of Brunanburgh.

The offer had obvious attractions. First of all, it would secure the restoration of an ancient Benedictine Abbey to its original purpose ; secondly, it would permit a "swarm" of monks being sent out as the nucleus of a new foundation which, in time, would become an independent monastery ; thirdly, it would solve the much-discussed question of the Downside Junior School, by supplying new quarters for it, in a new environment, a point strongly recommended by modern educational opinion. Moreover, these three very desirable ends would be attained at smaller cost than the proposed additions at Downside.

There was, indeed, one obstacle to be surmounted; viz. the fact that a former owner had given the vicar and parishioners of Milton Abbas the right to hold services in the Abbey, with an option—which still had several years to run—of taking it over as their parish church. But the vendor, it was stated, had arranged, at his own cost, to recompense the vicar and parishioners for the surrender of their rights, and his offer had been accepted by them. In his enthusiasm, Abbot Chapman made light of this difficulty, but from the first there were not wanting those who regarded it as insurmountable. In the end this view proved the right one. Downside withdrew from the field, and Milton Abbey passed into the ownership of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The failure of this scheme was an acute disappointment to the Abbot, but he had become more convinced than ever that Downside ought to make a new foundation and move the Junior School to it; so the autumn and winter of 1932-33 saw him scouring the southern half of England in search of a property suited for this purpose. More than two hundred places were offered to him. Twenty-nine of these he inspected in person, and in two cases negotiations were carried almost to completion, only to break down when apparently on the eve of success. At length, in June 1933, his purpose was achieved by the purchase of the late Lord Cowdray's place at Worth, in Sussex.

Except for occasional attacks of asthma, Abbot Chapman kept his usual good health and tireless energy undiminished until the autumn of 1932, when he had an attack of influenza, insisted on getting up and resuming work before he should have done so, and caught a second bout of it. This pulled him down greatly, but he declined to abandon his house-hunting expeditions, though it was clear to those who accompanied him thereon that the effort involved was becoming almost beyond his strength. Early in 1933 he made the long journey to Whitehaven, arrived there very unwell, and went to bed at once with a third attack of influenza, but again insisted on resuming work far too soon.

Though now obviously a sick man, he made light of

his condition, only agreeing to go away for a fortnight on the Italian lakes with his sister and brother-in-law; and during this absence the negotiations for the purchase of Worth were completed. He returned for the Chapter meeting which approved the purchase and new foundation there, and at once set to work upon plans for adding a wing to the house. These he completed by the beginning of July, in spite of increasing weakness, but the effort was almost more than he could manage, and at last—when too late—he surrendered to the doctors, undergoing treatment for some weeks in a London nursing-home.

The next four months witnessed a steady decline in his strength, as his illness gained upon him in spite of rest and change of scene. In October he returned to the same nursing-home for further treatment, but his strength was now unequal to the strain, and the doctors gave warning that the end was at hand. On November 6 he received the Last Sacraments while fully conscious, and sank quietly out of life twenty-four hours later. It was a strange feature of his illness that he had no pain at all throughout, only a steady increase of weakness until he died.

In sketching a life of such varied achievement, the mere outline of events has filled most of the space allotted to me, but an attempt must be made to give at least some hint of his personality, and especially of the magnetic charm which endeared him to so wide a circle of friends, and retained their affection in permanence.

Although one of the least sentimental of men—any suggestion of a *cher maître* attitude always annoyed him intensely—Abbot Chapman possessed great gifts of sympathy and understanding. With these were united kindness, thought for others, and a generosity of soul which made him unable to resist any appeal for help, no matter whence it came. I have mentioned already his reckless expediture of time in aiding those who consulted him in matters of learning, but there was another class of correspondents whose demands were scarcely less great; those, namely, who sought his help in matters spiritual, or looked to him for guidance in

their inner life. While often asked to give retreats to clergy and religious, he always insisted that he had only *one* retreat, and so would never go a second time to a convent or seminary where he had already been. But his doctrine was so striking, and its method of presentation so original, that a retreat from him often gave a fresh start to some of those who heard him, leading them to shape their whole inner life anew on the teaching of that one week.

In this way he gained a great reputation, and a steady stream of letters came to him, in the last decade of his life especially, asking for guidance and help. These he never failed to answer with his own hand, the replies being often many pages in length. Not a few of his correspondents are giving proof of their gratitude, by allowing me to include his letters to them in the volume of his writings on matters spiritual, which I hope to publish very shortly.

After these qualities of sympathy and generous kindness, the most outstanding feature of his character was courage. I am not speaking here of physical courage, though he showed that in plenty in his war service; but of a finer quality, the moral courage which would lead him to take up the cause of one whom he thought to be treated unfairly, when he would risk his own reputation by an almost reckless defiance of those in power, if some principle of truth or justice seemed to him at stake.

There is in the Rule of St. Benedict a chapter on the Virtue of Silence; but it must be owned that Abbot Chapman was a tremendous talker. Not that he loved mere talking for talking's sake. In his case it was the fertility of a brain teeming with ideas all clamouring for expression, which compelled him to pour out a torrent of speech, that was always interesting, often highly original, and sometimes positively brilliant. He was peculiarly effective when he set out to demolish some popular modern fallacy by the merciless application of sheer common sense; for then his very quick concentration of thought gave him a great advantage, enabling him to see at the outset the absurd conclusion which

must follow from its false premises, and to frame his argument accordingly.

Throughout his life a sense of humour, fantastic and peculiarly his own, flickered over and enlightened his relations with others; establishing a special intimacy with kindred spirits, mystifying those who "never knew when he was serious and when he wasn't", and causing some luckless folk, in whose composition humour played no part, to dub him publicly "a very stupid man", a verdict which never failed to bring him unbounded delight! A favourite species of foolery—derived perhaps from the school of *Alice*, whose creator, known to him in his Oxford days, he held in special honour—might be termed the "logico-nonsense" type. Thus when the bursar handed back a letter which he had forgotten to address, remarking that it would be wise to put at least his correspondent's name thereon, he retorted promptly: "But if I do that, everyone'll know whom I'm writing to!"

No less unanswerable was his argument against using the escalator at a tube station:

"But look at that notice. It says, 'Dogs must be carried'; and I haven't got a dog!"

At times, too, he could use his wit to point a truth which might have been unpalatable, had it appeared without the jam to mask the powder. A famous example of this is the concluding sentence of the letter prefixed to his reply to Bishop Gore: "We serve one Master. You serve Him in your way, we serve Him in His way".

I have kept till the last that element in his composition which, to those who knew him intimately, counted for more than all the brilliant wit, profound learning and manifold achievement of his well-filled life, viz. his deep spirituality, and the compelling love of God which burned within him, underlying every purpose and informing every action that he did.

"He knew more about Prayer than anyone I have ever met," wrote one whose own writings on the subject are famous; and the same truth recurs again and again in the letters of those who had first-hand knowledge of

his dealings with souls. He had intended to write a complete treatise *On the Spiritual Life*, in which he might set out all that religion had come to mean for him; showing how it gives to life its only explanation and purpose. Of this the first few chapters alone were finished, and, though he has left some notes which show how it was to be developed, the work remains no more than a *torso*.

It was during his brief stay at Maredsous, after leaving Erdington, that he began to work out his own theory of the spiritual life, and the months which followed, while he was on Caldey Island, gave him an unusual opportunity of working at it undisturbed. To this period belongs the well-known leaflet on "Contemplative Prayer", which first appeared in *Pax*, and has been re-issued several times in answer to a constant demand. The next few months after leaving Caldey saw him at Downside, writing "in a great hurry" the article on "Catholic Mysticism" for *Hasting's Dictionary of Ethics*; which has been described as "a masterly essay on a complex subject". These writings make one regret all the more that he never found time to complete the work mentioned above. Had one expressed such an idea to him, however, I think he would have answered somewhat like this: "No. We exist merely to do God's will, always, everywhere and in all things. If He had intended that book to be finished, He would have made it possible for me to do so. The fact that He has not so made it possible, shows clearly that such was not His will."

It was only after he had worked out his own theory of spirituality that he came to know the writings of the Jesuit, Père de Caussade, and he was delighted to find how closely his scheme was allied to that writer's doctrine of "*Abandon à la Providence divine*". It may have been partly owing to this discovery that he discontinued his projected treatise on the Spiritual life; but—however that may be—de Caussade's doctrine became the ruling principle of his later years. And on that note of active resignation to God's holy will this sketch of him may most appropriately end.

G. ROGER HUDLESTON, O.S.B.

QUARTERLY REFLECTIONS

ARE MODERN STATES "Is Germany civilized?" This question has been asked by the most conservative and sedate of British newspapers. A few years ago we were all asking whether Russia were civilized. But now we are beginning to take Bolshevism for granted and even wondering whether there may not be something in it after all. And those whose memories stretch back as far as the Fascist Revolution may remember that the same question in reference to Italy was not unheard. Who to-day would dare ask whether Mussolini is civilized? Familiarity brings acquiescence and success approval. Travellers come back from these countries singing their praises; soon the tables will be turned on us, and we shall be asked, "Is Britain civilized?" It has been the same with all successful revolutions. Such twinges of conscience as the more conservative and honest among us may feel are easily allayed by considerations about the inevitability of evolution and even perhaps by that old-timer "Progress". It is not easy to escape the criterion of utilitarianism in political philosophy.

To do so we may even be forced back to the question: "Are any modern states civilized?" And this, though it sounds like the ranting of a tub-thumper, is a really serious question. It is not at all the same question as: "Are modern men civilized?" That is a ridiculous question, for if some at least of them were not there would be no one left to judge.

Political philosophers have always sought to compare their contemporaries with Utopians to be found either in the golden past or in some future triumph of Progress. But such Utopias are no more than pictures of a society composed of men like their own ideal selves. We are now being told that Rousseau's hypothetical state of nature as described in the *Discourse on Inequality* is verified by the facts, and that Hobbes was completely wrong. Professor G. Elliot-Smith, for example, is reported to have said that primitive man was ethically exemplary, peaceful, honest, truthful, and well disposed to his fellow-men, that "civilization put an end to this

Arcadian perfection, not merely by giving a spurious value to things to inspire envy and to squabble over, but also by developing causes of dispute and inventing the weapons to pursue such conflicts as they provoked". Perhaps this is true, but it is really beside the point, for, in the broad sense and on the whole, modern man as man is also "ethically exemplary, peaceful, honest, truthful, and well disposed to his fellow-men". If you meet a fellow-countryman in the street you do not expect him to assault you, to steal from you, to tell you lies or to hate you. Nor do you expect this if you meet a German or a Russian. You do not even expect him to be resisting the temptation to do these things any more than you yourself find civilized peaceful intercourse particularly difficult to practise. If he does do these things you place him in the criminal class and call the police.

It is not with man acting *personally as an individual* that the trouble lies. A few men are capable of great good and great evil, but the majority are capable of neither. It is with man acting impersonally as a pawn in some wider scheme that the difficulty begins. As such he always acts partially, and partially means half-blindly. We talk about societies and states as though they were organisms with head and senses. But they are not. Only individuals have head and senses and moral perceptions. Yet society must necessarily involve the submission of the seeing individual to the unseeing unions of individuals. These are guided by men appointed for the purpose. Such men are like trustees with the job of safeguarding the specialized purpose of the union, a purpose conflicting with the purposes of other unions. Of all classes of men trustees are the hardest simply because they are acting for an entrusted interest which is not their own. Imagine society as a mingling of trusts defended by trustees and we shall not be surprised to find that a world of kindly and honest men becomes a battlefield and a chaos.

THE WORLD TOTALI- This has always been so, but cer-
TARIAN STATE tain new factors have made things
worse to-day. We are not the victims of weakened

intelligences or weakened moral perceptions—if anything both are stronger than ever to-day—but of the mechanical improvements which have made the better and wider organization of groups in society possible. The wider the organization, the narrower its effective purpose and greater the clash between different organizations with their different purposes, and the more pressure required to force individuals into the service of the organization. Take the German Revolution. Such rapidity and completeness would never have been possible in any age but ours. But that rapidity and completeness have involved the submission of a large number of men to one purpose, which, even as nationalism, is unbelievably narrow and hostile to others. As Dr. Sieburg in his book *Germany: My Country* has written: "There are to be no more private Germans . . . there are to be no more human beings in Germany, but only Germans." The same has happened in Italy, while in Russia nationalism has allied itself with a different kind of grouping and purpose, the unifying of the "proletariat" class. Even the United States has found itself forced to "socialize" public life according to the demands of a leader. All the instincts that have gone to strengthen these groups have been in man since the beginning, and in their place they are good, but modern technique has driven them so far away from their source that they become a menace to civilization itself.

We are often puzzled by the apparent paradox that the more social life is "rationalized" the more self-destructive it appears to become, and we hang our heads lamenting the folly of our generation. Yet it is evident that this rationalization simply means greater power to accomplish purpose but involves the widening of the gap between individual purposes and the specialized purposes of potentially hostile groups. It is not man who is being foolish or immoral; it is society that must inevitably be blind, since it has no head or senses. So long as life was localized and groups remained small a less bitter conflict worked itself out on a small scale. The conflict between groups has now become simpler but more defined and far more dangerous to civilization, though not necessarily

to individuals, who were just as uncomfortably situated in "the good old times".

It looks as though civilization would make shipwreck on the eve of reaching the stage when unified world organization is possible, for, so it is argued, if it is possible to organize large groups for special purposes, why can we not organize one world-comprehensive group which will leave no other groups over with which to clash? It may be possible, but we ought to realize what it will involve. Such a group would not in the least resemble an organism. It would not be like a super-man or a demigod names which indicate a natural harmony of many functions. Rather it would be like a machine in which many parts are directed to one purpose. It would be a world totalitarian state, and subject to all the narrowness, one-sidedness, slavery of the totalitarian state. It would be the state furthest removed from man himself, and therefore most inimical to his liberty and rights. Of all forms of social organization it would be the blindest, since head, senses, and moral perceptions could not even by the broadest analogy be attributed to it; and if it were considered a trust, who could possibly be its trustees?

SOVEREIGNTY There is no space to enlarge on this. We may be content with the application of one test. All the proposals for world peace, disarmament, international pacts that have been made since the war have been in large part failures. Why? There is one simple reason. No modern state is prepared to give up its sovereignty, that is, its independence. It is surely plain that any kind of radical international organization is as impossible among states as it would be among individuals if states are not prepared to submit on the most vital matters to some common sovereignty. It is not the kind of thing that can be done by halves, for the real points of dispute are precisely the points which affect sovereignty most closely: the right to defend oneself, the right to protect one's own trade interests and so on. The British nation supposes itself to be giving the world a lead in disarmament and international

co-operation, yet no nation in the world is more jealous of its final independence. How many Englishmen would be prepared to be dictated to by foreigners? Possibly a handful. This clinging to national independence would have to be rooted out of man before there was the slightest chance of creating the final international organization. Yet this kind of patriotism is perhaps an artificial product of national groups. To produce the world-state robot will involve greater sacrifices.

International organization was originally a liberal notion founded on the belief that reason alone could guide the human race. The great post-war revolutions have at least shown us that the successful organization of large groups is only possible if it is based on the most illiberal principle, the principle that the individual has to sacrifice himself body and soul, head, senses, and sentiments, to the group which is in fact nothing more than the arbitrary rule of another man or set of men who consider themselves trustees of their fellows for the furtherance of a narrow purpose. It must be so, for it is in the individual alone in his personal relations with the society grouped around him that we find the natural harmony of different functions from which all our most precious values are derived. The further we remove ourselves from the individual, the further we remove ourselves from these values. There is a great deal to be said for Rousseau's view that civilization is only possible in small groups.

THE GATES OF HELL It may naturally be objected that all this would only be true if man were not a religious animal; in other words, if there were no God. Surely the union that arises from man's common realization that God has made him and the world, that He has given him essential guidance for his conduct, makes all the difference. This is true in theory but only partially in practice. A strange novel called *The Gates of Hell* (Sheed & Ward) has lately been published. In it we find a remarkable picture of the universality of the Church contrasted with the specialized

purposes, exaggerated to the point of heresy, of the groups that are in power at the present time. Yet throughout the book the practical work of the theoretically universal Church is described as the work of a party. The Church militant is even referred to as the Black Front. In other words, it is made evident that any attempt to find the point of insertion of the Church's influence on the same level as other groups forces the Church to act as yet another party or another state, which only adds to the confusion and the conflict. The history of the Church and the history of Catholic political parties gives ample evidence that this has always been so.

On paper the Church always seems to have the solution to the problems which make for social conflict: in practice the attempt to impose that solution seems to make things worse. The reason is that the Church is not a group like other groups uniting men for a specialized purpose. The fullness of the Church is to be found in the relation between the individual Catholic and God. If there were only one Catholic left on earth the Church would essentially be as complete as if all men were Catholics. Numbers are only accidental. Hence the Church is always really instructing, guiding, helping individuals, and its social work is never more than direction and advice to its members. This direction at any given moment constitutes criticism of the social order; it can never successfully be an attempt to compete with it or take its place. This is not, of course, to suggest that Catholics as individuals and in bodies should not play their full part as citizens, a part all the more valuable because of the direction of the Church. And it is with this thought in mind that we recommend a new French periodical called *L'Ordre Nouveau*, the organ of a group of young Catholics. The numbers which we have seen are characterized by a determination to study and seize on the essentials of social problems in their technical aspect, and on that basis to work for a technical solution which shall go some way towards fulfilling the demands of a Christian society.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

THE IRISH STRUGGLE AND ITS RESULTS. By L. Paul-Dubois. (Longmans.)

A HISTORY OF IRELAND. By Professor Julius Pokorny. (Longmans.)

M. PAUL-DUBOIS wrote one of the most complete and documented books about modern Ireland some thirty years ago. It was translated by the late T. M. Kettle and published by Maunsel and Co. in Dublin in 1907, and it remains an invaluable work of reference for students of modern Irish history, an admirably lucid survey of tendencies and events in what he then described as "Contemporary Ireland". George Wyndham's Land Purchase Act had then just been passed, and there was a strong probability that Wyndham and Balfour would attempt a solution of the Home Rule question by some form of Devolution. But those hopes were frustrated, and the bitter fight over Home Rule followed, and then the Great War, the rise of Sinn Fein, and the Treaty which established the Irish Free State. In this new volume M. Paul-Dubois surveys that period of many transformations, dividing it into four sections: the Great War, the Sinn Fein struggle from 1918 to 1921, the Treaty and the Civil War, and the New Ireland. He carries the story no further than 1926, and much of his later chapters is made out of date by subsequent developments. The translation was made by his friend the late T. P. Gill, and its publication has been unduly delayed.

Nevertheless, M. Paul-Dubois is so thoughtful and scholarly a critic that his book deserves close attention. (He is a son-in-law of the great Taine, and for a good many years he has been one of the advisory committee of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.) As a Frenchman he was grieved by Ireland's failure to support the Allies with enthusiasm, but he shows how large the Irish contribution in recruits actually was, and he indicates many reasons why Irish sentiment was stupidly discouraged and angered. His book concludes by expressing doubts—even in 1926—whether Nationalist Ireland can be

expected to remain a British "Dominion" of the existing type. He is quite convinced that Protestant Ulster will sooner or later have to come to terms with the rest of Ireland, and that British Governments will not continue indefinitely to subsidize an artificial settlement, enforcing the partition of a county which is naturally an economic and political unit. But he believes that a reunited Ireland will be equally compelled by force of circumstance to "free herself from fruitless political agitators" and to concentrate upon a cultural and economic development of her own resources which must inevitably lead to closer and more friendly relations with her neighbours, "emerging from her jealous insularity".

Professor Pokorny's book bears many signs of having been written simply as a work of German propaganda during the war, when it first appeared in 1916. He is one of the most learned of Celtic scholars, and he succeeded Kuno Meyer as Professor of Celtic in the University of Berlin. The second of his seven chapters, which covers "Keltic Ireland to the Time of the English Conquest" contains the results of his original researches, and deserves the fullest consideration. The rest of the book, which may be summarized in the chapter headings:—"Tyranny and Land Confiscation"; "Ireland's Darkest Hour"; "A Free Parliament"; "The Results of the Union"; and "The Twentieth Century"—is on an entirely different plane. Professor Pokorny has never been anything but a Celtic scholar. As a scholar of European reputation he surely deserved better than to be asked to compile this slipshod summary of later Irish history as a contribution to German propaganda while the war lasted. Scholars and historical students will sympathize with his sufferings all the more when they are told in the Preface that in 1933 he "fell a victim to the race theories of the Nazi régime and was suspended" from his professorship in Berlin.

The concluding chapters of the book can only be described as a deplorable example of what happens when learned specialists are "mobilized" to write propaganda on wider aspects of their own specialized studies. Professor Pokorny quotes statistics freely—and for purposes

of "modern" comparison they are usually of 1906 or 1911 or, at latest, 1913. He declares that the canals ought to have been much more developed and "the railways should have been nationalized long since to put an end to this shocking exploitation of the public", and that Galway should have been made a transatlantic port years ago. Above all, "the London meat market should have been captured". Needless to say, the few slight revisions in the book do not remotely cover all the transformations in Irish economic policy of recent years. Much of Professor Pokorny's earnest attempt to be a political propagandist will be received with as little gratitude by the new rulers of Ireland as he has been shown by the Government of Germany which he strove to serve in writing his book.

DENIS GWYNN.

STONES OF RIMINI. By Adrian Stokes. (Faber.)

"STONES of Venice", and therefore why not "Stones of Rimini"? But what an onslaught the second book would have provoked from the author of the first! It is volume two in a series of which the first was entitled *Quattro Cento* and of which the whole seems to be designed to interpret, and, in interpreting, glorify the fifteenth-century Renaissance in what Ruskin denounced as its self-conscious pride, its paganism and its materialism. Our emancipation from the puritanical limitations and bitter prejudices—anti-Catholic prejudices among others—of Ruskin's art-criticism seems to-day to be complete, and few readers are likely to approach this study with any of his uncompromising partisanship. At the same time it is interesting to note, at the outset, that here is a piece of art-appreciation, constantly stimulating and often beautifully written, which entirely ignores most of the canons of Ruskin's and Victorian art-criticism in general.

Mr. Stokes's ostensible theme is the sculptured reliefs with which Agostino di Duccio adorned the Church of San Francesco at Rimini, to the order of Sigismondo Malatesta and in honour of that tyrant's love for his mistress Isotta. This masterpiece of fifteenth-century sculpture has been Mr. Stokes's study for six years, and his

eloquent descriptions, with his many excellent photographs, enable us to understand and appreciate the beauties, both obvious and more subtle, of Agostino's work, which to him represents "the apotheosis of the art of carving".

Yet the book is far more than a piece of descriptive criticism. It resembles Ruskin at least in this, that on these "Stones of Rimini" the writer attempts to build up all kinds of inferences which are only indirectly related to art. Mr. Stoke's preoccupations, it is true, are not ethical—Ruskin's, of course, were mainly so; indeed, the chief preoccupation of this book, stated at the beginning, is with artistic technique:

If we would understand a visual art, we ourselves must cherish some fantasy of the material that stimulated the artist, and ourselves feel some emotional reason why his imagination chose, when choice was not altogether impelled by practical, technical and social considerations, to employ one material rather than another.

That is a significant point of departure, and for much of our journey we are delighted with new suggestions, discoveries of hidden relationships between art and landscape, art and geology, art and climate. The discussion of the significance of limestone, for example, is altogether fascinating. But the exploration wanders so far before we reach Agostino, and it is conducted with such thoroughness, that we often feel bewildered. Irrelevant facts are flung at our heads; there are fantastic digressions, on astrology for instance, in which it is difficult to follow the writer. But even in its irrelevance and luxuriant confusion this book faithfully reflects the riotous, sensual age from which grew, with almost equal energy, the lust and restlessness of Sigismondo and the lovely art of Agostino. On from Zodiac symbolism to the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas we are hurried, from neo-Platonism to a prophecy of the disappearance of the architectural art owing to the modern use of synthetic stone and plastic materials, from Byzantine art to Donatello (who is, incidentally, compared, to his disadvantage, with Agostino); we are even informed—Oliver Wendell Holmes would no doubt have applauded!—that the invention of

the fork in the late Middle Ages has probably meant more household everyday ugliness than can be ascribed to any other single cause. It is clearly a somewhat circuitous route along which we are conducted, but we certainly enjoy most of it, and safely reach the conclusion at last. "Not until the fifteenth century, and then only in visual art, is there attained a real and triumphant re-mingling and separation of Greek from Jew in his various Hebraic, Christian and Arabic disguises". That may be a somewhat arbitrary judgment, but it is undeniable that one side of the Renaissance is here brilliantly, if at times rather fitfully, illuminated. A. W. G. RANDALL.

BRUTES AND BEASTS. John Swain. (Noel Douglas.)

WHEN the purpose of a book is admirable one is not disposed to be too severe a critic of its arguments. Few purposes could be more excellent than Mr. Swain's. Much, very much, remains to be done before animals receive, even in England, the humane treatment which as sentient beings is their due from man. If Mr. Swain succeeds in awakening further the conscience of his fellow citizens in this respect, he will have good cause to congratulate himself on having written his book. Nevertheless an obstinate doubt haunts me as to his method of propaganda. The book is a sickening record of fiendish cruelties, some, alas, still practised, many, at least so far as Great Britain is concerned, happily obsolete. Does it, I must ask myself, serve any good purpose to describe the latter? Many of the sensitive spirits whom alone Mr. Swain can expect to influence will be unable to read his book. And it is to be feared that in a generation whose nerves are so tensely strung some readers may gratify at second hand that instinct of sadistic cruelty which is a widespread perversion of human nature by reading and imagining descriptions of tortures they can no longer actually witness and perhaps would not if they could. To let the imagination linger on scenes of cruelty—and Mr. Swain is not sparing of them—may insinuate even into a conscious indignation feelings of a more dubious quality. Certainly his book is not one which a parent would care to see in his children's hands.

Mr. Swain often weakens a convincing argument by an unwarrantable imputation of motives. Fox-hunting is, I agree, a cruel sport, and it is to be hoped that the conscience of the community will soon cease to tolerate it. But to maintain that the fox-hunter is animated by a sexual sadism akin to that of the perverts with whom Mr. Swain compares him is a grotesque slander. Anyone who knows hunting men and women knows that they do not hunt for any pleasure they find in the fox's agony and death but for the sport of the chase. If it is wrong to torment foxes for the sport of hunting them, it is wrong to calumniate a body of people whose character stands deservedly high. I should also have liked to see an answer given to the argument which a master of otter hounds once raised, that whatever care is exercised, so many birds are inevitably winged and left to die in pain after a shoot that the shooting which Mr. Swain is obliged to allow inflicts more suffering than a hunt.

On the question of vivisection Mr. Swain's attitude is moderate. He does not attempt to deny that its use has advanced medical science. This, he admits, justifies the practice, though the evidence he produces proves that safeguards are needed far more stringent than those at present enforced. Since, however, adequate inspection is impossible, the only hope of a sufficient reform is to inspire doctors and medical students with a greater sensitiveness to animal suffering, an objective not assisted by Mr. Swain's too violent and indiscriminate denunciations.

The ecclesiastical banning of animals to which Mr. Swain calls attention was not, as he seems to suggest, motivated by cruelty but was a naïve application of the principle that God's jurisdiction over man in and through the Church extends directly and as such to the animal kingdom as subject to man. If at times cruel in its operation, since mediaeval punishments were cruel, it expressed the mediaeval insistence on the universal reign of law, and also a certain solidarity between men and animals as creatures and subjects of God which is both true and beautiful.

Mr. Swain's facts are not always above suspicion. He observes for example as an instance of medical callousness that anaesthetics were not used for veterinary operations until 1848. The reader might be unaware that it was only in the forties that anaesthetics were used for operations on human beings. And I should like to know when Augustus visited a Prefect of Egypt and put him to death for serving a fighting quail at dinner (66). When Gallus the Prefect of Egypt was disgraced, not put to death, and for quite other reasons, Augustus was not in the country.

There is also an exaggeration of animal sensitiveness to pain. I do not think it possible that animals can suffer so acutely as men, whose nervous system is so much more highly developed. Even human races are not equally sensitive to pain. And frankly I cannot believe in the alleged agonies of the flea. (Int., p. 12). In the case of insects the evil of cruelty does seem to me to lie chiefly in its effect on those who practise it. Nor can I agree that it is wrong to take animal life, even humanely, except for food, clothing or the protection of life (15). We have every right to destroy pests even if they inflict no worse harm than discomfort or damage to property. Because animals are capable of suffering they have a right to be spared its unnecessary infliction. But they have not the absolute rights of human beings. I was very sorry to see an extract from the writings of the late Fr. Joseph Rickaby pilloried in the Introduction. Though I cannot agree with it and could wish he had never written it, thus quoted it gives the reader an entirely false view of the writer. I had the privilege of knowing Fr. Rickaby very well, and a kinder and gentler man I have never met. I am sure he was incapable of committing an act of cruelty. Indeed, in this very passage he condemns wanton cruelty. And if an unfortunate concession to a false principle is to be brought up against him Mr. Swain should also quote another passage from his pen in which he pointed out that if animals have no rights against man, a view which I do not share, man has none against God. Yet God "so loved us" that He sent His Son for our redemption. A lesson, concluded Fr. Rickaby, to man to show loving

kindness in his turn to the lower animals. I resent this *suggestio falsi* against one of the holiest men I have known.

E. I. WATKIN.

AFTER DEATH? ("The Spectator" Booklets, No. III.)
By Various Authors. (Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

WE live in an age of potted wisdom, and modern publishers have not been slow to react to the fact. They are wise in their generation, and handbooks and booklets of all sorts bombard us. Some good, some not so good. The "Spectator" symposium on survival is very good of its kind. All the contributors reach a high general level of literary quality and clearheadedness unusual in the discussion of this topic. The most interesting papers are those of Dr. Edwyn Bevan (who opens and sums up the discussion), Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Dr. L. P. Jacks. Mr. Christopher Dawson offers a thoughtful exposition of Catholic doctrine on the subject and brings out clearly the importance in Catholic eschatology of the revealed dogma of the Resurrection of the Body.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's paper on the evidence for survival is very interesting, particularly if taken in connexion with her own recent broadcast on the subject, and that of Sir Ernest Bennett on "Ghosts and Haunted Houses", the other day. Among other valuable points, Dr. Bevan makes one of great importance in his terminal essay. "If", he says, "you are convinced that a Christian view of the Universe is, as a whole, the true one, then for you belief in personal survival is part of a system of beliefs which stand or fall together." In other words, it is as a religious belief that faith in immortality has *value*. As the Archbishop of York pointed out recently in his current series of Gifford Lectures, mere empiric survival as such has no religious value. And it is surely as a religious value that the Church teaches the natural attainability of the belief.

A. T.

COLOSSEUM. No. 1. March 1934. Quarterly. (John Miles, Ltd. 75pp.)

JUST a line of welcome to our youngest contemporary. *Colosseum*, edited at Fribourg by Mr. Bernard Wall, has

a strong list of contributors. It is an international quarterly review, and if it can keep up to the standard of its first number should do a useful work. Berdyaev, Père de Munnynck, and Maritain form the backbone of a strong team. Mr. Wall's "Programme" is deeply interesting, suggesting a filiation of ideas with M. Mounier's "Esprit" and M. Dandieu's "Ordre Nouveau". Mr. G. M. Turnell contributes a truly admirable article on Mr. Middleton Murry. We shall hear more of *Colosseum*.

A. T.

NOW I SEE. By Arnold Lunn. (Sheed and Ward.)

A LADY (we are told in this book) said to Mr. Lunn: "I can't think how you can become a Catholic without finding an answer to the points which you put in your letter to Father Knox about the difficulty of reconciling omnipotence and free-will." Mr. Lunn replied: "If God came into this room and said to you, 'I *am* omniscient and you've got free-will,' you would have to accept both statements." "No, I shouldn't," said the lady; "I'd assume that I hadn't heard correctly."

This little conversation supplies the key-note to Mr. Lunn's apologetic. He is a rationalist of Euclidean severity up to a point, the point which gives him secure authority; from then onwards he accepts seeming contradictions on the security of authority. This, of course, is roughly speaking the position of all Catholics, but there is no "roughly speaking" about Mr. Lunn. We have no desire to controvert an admirable and fearless book with the conclusion and main argument of which we naturally agree, but certain minds, we fear, may be repelled by Mr. Lunn's uncompromising rationalism; and, since we do not believe that his way of stating the case is the only way, we suggest some friendly criticisms.

There is a difference between reason and reasoning powers. A man may agree with Mr. Lunn's noble defence of reason and yet fail to achieve a confidence in his own reasoning powers, when applied to complex matters, equal to Mr. Lunn's apparent confidence in Mr. Lunn's. The Vatican Council teaches that the human mind *can* reach to a knowledge of God by the use of reason, but

Mr. Lunn has come to the conclusion that without prayer or grace or any natural bent in one direction rather than another he can show by pure reasoning that God exists, that Christ is God, and that the Catholic Church speaks in the name of Christ. To those who follow his arguments and disagree he, as a rationalist, would have to reply either that they cannot reason straight or that they are unconsciously prejudiced. But he would have some difficulty in proving this by reason. In reasoning there is no higher court of appeal, and he can have no answer for the many who, in fact, do not agree with him. Indeed he expressly states that a Catholic accepts the teaching of the Church by an act of private judgment. The best private judgments, as we know, differ.

Again all this is "roughly speaking" true, but if it were quite as simple as that it would be impossible, given that he is right, to explain why two-thirds, at least, of Mr. Lunn's non-Catholic readers do not agree with him. Prejudices, we know, are strong, but why should they so easily interfere with a plain argument in philosophy and history based on nothing but reason? For Mr. Lunn admits that to *act* on this conclusion requires something more than reason. But if he is right they ought (indeed they could not help themselves) to admit the conclusion, though they might feel unable to act on it. But they do not.

Moreover, the severity of Mr. Lunn's rationalism involves him in positions that are, we think, definitely wrong. The whole Christian position rests, according to him, on the conclusion of an argument in the narrow sense of the word; it is not, therefore, surprising to find him holding the view that if you do not accept that conclusion, either by reasoning to it or holding it on faith, you may not be blamed for going to the dogs. "I have far more respect for the young people of to-day who, having rejected the Faith, very sensibly insist on having the Fun." If indeed Christianity were a watertight box inserted in a non-moral and non-religious world to be opened by a special key of reason, such a view might be held. But even Mr. Lunn's own belief

in reason would, we should have thought, have suggested that the universe is all of a piece, and that a man might reason to the conclusions of the natural law without being able to reason to the truths of Christianity. Furthermore this contempt for virtue outside Christianity would ultimately involve Mr. Lunn in moral voluntarism, the view that good is good and evil evil because God chose to make them so, and only those people who accept God's revelation need take any notice of this decision and command of God. Christianity, on the contrary, teaches that the natural law is implanted in men's hearts and that the obligation to obey it holds whatever be their theological errors.

But "men's hearts" are, we fear, included by Mr. Lunn in the wide arms of FIF. FIF is his pet name for his pet aversion, "funny internal feeling". Everything that cannot be proved by reason is FIF. Reason reaches truth. All that is not proved to be true may be false, hence all FIF may be false. The argument to establish the claims of the Church only holds together when the last inference is reached and we hear God's revealed word speaking through the Church. That is truth. Everything else is FIF and may be false. Surely this is a caricature! The very fact that for Catholics looking down from the peak of the argument much FIF must be regarded as genuine and true is enough to show that FIF in the case of non-Catholics cannot be treated so cavalierly. While much FIF is undoubtedly deceptive we prefer to believe that where men are honest and sincere their funny internal feelings are feelings for the Good and the True, though they may, in the short run, deceive them.

Moreover, Mr. Lunn himself is not entirely freed from the meshes of FIF. Arguing against hell in his letters to Father Knox, for example, he quotes Mill's famous sentence: "I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures, and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I *will* go." Here the argument against hell is the powerful one that hell is contrary to man's deepest moral intuitions. In this book he argues that to reject hell is a mere instance of subjectivism:

"I did not want to believe in hell, and I therefore assumed that Christ must be mistaken on this point." A much weaker argument, and, we believe, much less widely held by thinking people. Is not Mr. Lunn's *FIF* about the truth of the Church's teaching unconsciously weakening his rational argument? That is the worst of pure rationalism: the standard has to be kept so high.

It must, however, in fairness be added that this book is an autobiography as well as an argument. This is Mr. Lunn's way, and, since it has led him to the Truth, he is well justified in supposing that it may lead others as it led him. Nine-tenths of the book is a brilliant, vivid, and most refreshing statement of the ordinary rational arguments which can lead a man to the doors of the Church. It is only because we feel that Mr. Lunn has nothing to say to the many who will not accept his conclusions that we quarrel with him. The Church *has* much to say to them.

ST. BIRGITTA OF SWEDEN. By Edith Peacey. (Washbourne and Bogan.)

ONE cannot always recommend the lives of saints to the general reader in search of entertaining instruction. But we should have no hesitation in recommending this book to any lover of good biography. St. Bridget lived during the first three-quarters of the fourteenth century. She was not only a mystic and the foundress of the Bridgettines, she was a public personage playing a part of historical importance in those troubled times. She was a cousin of the King of Sweden; for some years she was at the Swedish Court in the position of Mistress of the Household; she married, and with mediaeval thoroughness agreed with her husband to preserve her virginity for two years, after which period she became the mother of many children. In middle age, after the saintly death of her husband who had become a Cistercian as the result of a vow made in illness, Bridget left Sweden for ever to go to Rome in order to obtain the Papal approval for her order and to obey the voice of God bidding her work for the return of the Papal Court from Avignon to Rome. In this work she was a precursor of

Catherine of Siena, and was rewarded by the return of the Pope, though, alas, only temporarily. More than once in her life she came into intimate contact with the romantic, beautiful, and ill-fated Joanna of Naples. As an old woman she made the great pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where she received from God her most precious revelations about the Passion.

This summary suffices to show the eventfulness and natural interest of a saintly life that has been too much overlooked. It is, perhaps, difficult for us to imagine such international Catholicism coming from bleak Scandinavia where the Reformation took such deep roots. But Sweden was a far more interesting country in the days of St. Bridget than it has been in modern times. As Lady Iddesleigh has written in her foreword :

Ibsen complained that the women of his day were shut away from life in a "Doll's House". He did not . . . compare their lot with the extreme emancipation of the "Swedish prophetess" of the fourteenth century. The spectacle of a woman reformer setting about the dark and dusty corners of the Church with the broom of her spirituality, had Ibsen recognized its significance, would have given birth to a greater play than *The Enemy of the People*.

The author has risen to her opportunity. She has been careful to give the reader the full historical setting which he requires, thereby providing an excellent picture of Europe in the fourteenth century of sufficient interest in itself to keep his attention. When to such a setting is added the vividly portrayed life of one of the most remarkable of the woman-saints of the Church, he is provided with a story as attractive and far more "edifying" than most novels. M. DE LA BÉDOYÈRE.

AFTER STRANGE GODS. By T. S. Eliot. (Faber.)
SENSE AND POETRY. By John Sparrow. (Constable.)

THE book by Mr. Eliot contains the three lectures he delivered last spring at the University of Virginia. Their subject is of special interest to contemporary men and women in general and to Catholics in particular. It

may be recollected that in a note at the beginning of *For Lancelot Andrewes*, published in 1928, Mr. Eliot announced his intention of writing three further books, one of which was to be about heresy in our time. *After Strange Gods* is what he now offers as that book. I cannot help fearing that his most eager and discriminating readers will be disappointed.

In the first place, the volume is much too small for what is attempted in it. It is only fair to warn the reader that he will get only sixty-eight pages for his three-and-six. Even so, one does not see why in this small space Mr. Eliot should so frequently pass by what he leads one to expect he will say. For instance, he begins by stating that he wishes to outline the subject of his essay, written fifteen years ago, "Tradition and the Individual Talent", as he now conceives it. In passing, he remarks that in that essay are "some unsatisfactory phrasing and at least one more than doubtful analogy". One naturally looks for a reparation of these avowed blemishes. But in vain. And this trick of promising and not fulfilling he goes on to repeat. It seems to me at once a discourtesy to the reader and a failure in literary technique.

Then, in the second and main lecture, Mr. Eliot provides some notes on D. H. Lawrence, Irving Babbitt, Ezra Pound, W. B. Yeats, and Gerard Manly Hopkins. It will be admitted that what he says is often very good.

I have (he remarks) the highest respect for the Chinese mind and for Chinese civilization; and I am willing to believe that Chinese civilization at its highest has graces and excellences which may make Europe seem crude. But I do not believe that I, for one, could ever come to understand it well enough to make Confucius a mainstay.

He then recalls his own experience during two years devoted to the study of Sanskrit and a year "in the mazes of Patanjali's metaphysics", and concludes that his "only hope of really penetrating to the heart of that mystery would lie in forgetting how to think and feel as an American or a European". The point is, I think, important. I may even mention, perhaps, that it is

one I tried to make in an article which appeared in the DUBLIN REVIEW in 1932. But such remarks Mr. Eliot makes, as it were, by the way. His central argument is that these writers—though Hopkins less than the others—have deliberately given rein to their “individuality”, cultivating their differences from others, and that this is disastrous. Yet he relates the standpoints they have adopted to the decay of Protestantism. It does not seem to me that the writers in question have been as “individual” as he contends. I feel that they have in their way followed a tradition, only it is not the tradition Mr. Eliot’s relies on himself. And I think that in order to be fair to them and illuminating to his reader, Mr. Eliot should have considered them to some extent historically.

Furthermore, as he proceeds, Mr. Eliot comes to speak categorically of certain writers’ “aberrations”. This would be permissible in a Catholic, for everyone would be aware of the standpoint from which he spoke. But Mr. Eliot is not only not a Catholic, he expressly repudiates a purely religious attitude. He thus appears to exhibit some lack of charity. This is the more deplorable in that he is not always on firm ground. He speaks, for example, of George Eliot as a serious but eccentric moralist. The interesting thing about George Eliot, however, is that in professing, not, as Mr. Eliot says, her “individualistic morals”, but the morals of Comte as apprehended through George Henry Lewes, she succeeded in being profoundly orthodox.

Finally, in the third lecture, Mr. Eliot has a shot at considering “the intrusion of the *diabolic* into modern literature”. His examples are from the prose of D. H. Lawrence and Thomas Hardy. I have not read Hardy’s story, *Barbara of the House of Grebe*, but I gather that he detects diabolism in it because it is a story of cruelty. And so apparently is another specimen, Lawrence’s *The Shadow in the Rose Garden*. This notion of the diabolic strikes me as naïve. I am the last person to dispute the possibility of diabolism in literature. I think I understand when I am told that Eugene O’Neill and D. H. Lawrence, and, on a higher plane, André Gide

and E. M. Forster, are diabolical writers. But I feel confident that no writer can be diabolical through a momentary revel in imaginary cruelty, but only in virtue of the whole attitude to life he expresses in his writings.

However, if Mr. Eliot's latest criticism is open to these objections, it does not follow that his poetry can be despised and rejected out of hand. Yet that is the assumption on which, apparently, Mr. John Sparrow has written *Sense and Poetry*. He declares that much contemporary English poetry is not "difficult", as it is usually said to be; but meaningless, unintelligible. "Difficult" is a term properly applicable, he says, to some of the poetry of Donne, Blake, and Yeats. A reader may be puzzled by that poetry on first acquaintance, but with patience and by acquiring information he may come to understand it. With much contemporary English poetry, on the other hand, understanding, according to Mr. Sparrow, is never possible, for the poetry is not intended to have any meaning: it is deliberately unintelligible. It seeks, not to communicate thought, but only to communicate emotional experience by suggestion.

The trick of writing such poetry, he continues, has been learned from the French Symbolists. Mallarmé and Rimbaud, he says, deliberately abandoned the communication of the intelligible in order to aim at producing effects entirely by suggestion. If this is true, it is surely very strange that Mallarmé, before he wrote *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* in the form in which we have it, should have composed a preliminary version nobody, not even Mr. Sparrow himself, could well say was unintelligible, and that *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, as we have it, should be simply—as a comparison would show—the translation of the "intelligible" version into Mallarmé's "symbolical" language.

Moreover, it is not the case that Mr. Eliot has been, as Mr. Sparrow alleges, chiefly inspired by Mallarmé and Rimbaud. His chief influences were Laforgue and, especially, the lesser-known Elizabethans.

Then Mr. Sparrow makes great play with the fact that Mr. Ezra Pound's poem, *Mauberley*, Section II, has been called by Mr. Eliot "a great poem". It would surely

have been well to ascertain how this verdict is applied. I may be mistaken, but I have always understood that what Mr. Eliot admires in Mr. Pound is his power of versification, his mastery of technique. Yet of that aspect of *Mauberley II* Mr. Sparrow finds nothing to say.

Coming to Mr. Eliot himself, he quotes the following :

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying : "Stetson !
 "You who were with me on [*sic*] the ships at Mylae !
 "That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
 "Has it begun to sprout ? Will it bloom this year ?
 "Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed ?
 "Oh keep the dog far hence, that's friend to men,
 "Or with his nails he'll dig it up again !
 "You ! hypocrite lecteur !—mon semblable—mon frère !"

And he goes on to say : "Why Mr. Eliot should have addressed this particular series of questions to Stetson, why he should record his having done so at this point in the poem, what, supposing he did so, Stetson can have made of them—these are questions which it is impossible to answer." And this is in order to accuse Mr. Eliot of having sought in the passage quoted to communicate "associations purely personal". But if such is actually the intent of the passage, it is surely very strange that Mr. Eliot should have the strong aversion he has to the private joke or indeed to anything private whatever in a piece of verse. Furthermore, I believe there is nothing anywhere in the poem from which the above passage is taken to warrant the assertion that it is Mr. Eliot himself who in the passage addresses "Stetson".

Apart from providing a sadistic satisfaction to those whom such poetry baffles, an attack on the "new" poetry no doubt promises fine sport. But one must not go forth to it unarmed.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

NO ABIDING CITY. By Fr. Bede Jarrett, O.P. (Burns Oates and Washbourne.)

THE late Fr. Bede Jarrett gives us a graceful but quite unnecessary apology for this book of Lenten conferences. They were taken down painstakingly in longhand, he

tells us, by a member of his congregation while they were being delivered last Lent at the Church of our Lady of Victories, Kensington. It is a book that needs no apology. Strangely sympathetic, greatly comforting and inspiring, it strikes the very note that is so needed in these days of unrest, dissatisfaction and petty crazes. The theme is an old one, as old as man, but never hackneyed. We are "*sicut advenae et hospites*", not ships that pass in the night without plan or purpose, but pilgrims following a well-marked road, ending as pilgrimages have a habit of ending—"on a Hill". And from this general theme follow all the consequences and corollaries. Courage—to keep us on our way, when Home seems far off and the way difficult. Independence—lest, feeling strange, we adopt the manners of those who have made earth their home. And so on. How we must follow the pilgrims' way: prompt and courageous obedience, the help of faith, the "infinity of littleness". Reflections on the troubles of life. Of course life is in a turmoil of uncertainty. So it should be. We are travellers, and the confusion of life, its bustle, its seeming purposelessness, all that is only the incidental trouble of a journey. This discontent with the existing conditions of life is only natural, as every man is made for something better than anything he can get on earth, and, whether he know it or not, is hungering for Heaven. Not discontent, but contentment is the thing to be feared, for this world is not meant to satisfy us; it is but the stage, the *milieu*, of our pilgrimage. Grace, sorrow, Our Lord, faith, these also are treated in a manner good and holy, never sentimental, always virile. It is strong meat, delivered in fluent and pleasing garb. Sometimes, perhaps, the punctuation is not sufficient to make up for the loss of intonation of the voice, but this is always inevitable when a sermon is printed verbatim. Fr. Bede was a preacher and a spiritual writer justly famous on both sides of the Atlantic, and his present book is in no way unworthy of his reputation. Messrs. Burns Oates and Washbourne have given the book an attractive form, and it should find a welcome place as a meditation book among all classes of people.

A. J. SHELDON.

ROMAN LITERARY THEORY AND CRITICISM. By the Rev. J. F. D'Alton. (Longmans.)

THIS is a disappointing book ; disappointing because the author's obvious learning is neutralized by indecision of method. He has gathered together much good material, but his use of it is not likely to satisfy either the specialist or the general reader. In the course of the book he reviews almost all the classical texts which bear upon his subject—formal treatises, didactic verse, scattered allusions in authors of many periods. In so doing he paraphrases his originals at such length and with so many notes that the non-classical reader must rapidly be confused ; yet he omits exactly the kind of detail which would attract the scholar. Thus he devotes eight pages to a discussion of rhetorical figures, their use and abuse and psychological basis ; but he gives no examples of particular figures praised or condemned by Roman critics, nor does he ask how and why the ancient taste in such matters differed from the modern. Even his two resumptive chapters, "The Supremacy of Rhetoric" and "A Retrospect", give one no clear idea of his thesis or of his own critical standards. Such a book is difficult to review, and I can only try to record some general impressions left by it.

First, it is hard for moderns to conceive the thoroughness and the detail of ancient rhetorical training. The ordinary classical writer had been schooled in composition of different styles ; he had been taught to adapt style to subject with scrupulous care ; he had been made to recognize and to use the devices of anaphora, antithesis, personification, metaphor, simile and the other figures of thought and speech ; he had learnt to make his prose rhythmical not merely by following instinct but by using defined cadences which could be tabulated like verse rhythms in formulas of long and short syllables ; and all this had been training in the use of his own language. In modern times we are not surprised if an author has had no literary education ; and in any case such education for us means chiefly the study of foreign languages. One may also read the classics of one's own language, but one

is not seriously taught to compose in it ; that is left to the enterprise of the individual.

Secondly, the purpose of rhetorical training and of rhetorical treatises was chiefly practical. The type of literature was oratory ; the student was taught to speak persuasively, and his writing was but a substitute for the spoken word. History and poetry were a kind of deflection of oratory, and were judged by oratorical standards. Again, classical literary treatises differed widely in purpose from modern literary criticism. Rarely—as with Aristotle and the writer *On the Sublime*—they were concerned with general æsthetics. Certainly they were never intended to introduce a difficult author to a reluctant public, to revive forgotten masters, to deepen appreciation of a particular writer. Generally—as with Cicero and Quintilian—they aimed at forming good taste and good habits in the future writer and orator ; they counselled him how to study, what hours and what place to choose, how to develop the memory, what models to follow in this or that subject-matter—all in great detail ; they referred often enough to classics of the past, but only to show what classical virtues were practically imitable ; it was no part of their design to raise or to guide the public taste.

Lastly, the rhetorical conception of literature did probably more good and less harm than is commonly supposed. The ancients emphasized form because they perceived that form is to some extent teachable ; but they meant it always to be appropriate to the content. Hence the dullness of much classical prose, for “functional” prose, functioning in an intellectual void, is tedious to read though impermeable to criticism. But that is not the fault of the rhetoricians ; nor are they to blame for the extravagances of bad rhetorical writers. I doubt if Ovid and Lucan would have written better had they never been educated. Most bad writers have an itch for fine writing of some kind, and other things being equal, it is better that their extravagances should be polished. Much eighteenth-century rhetoric is amusing ; but it is not deplorable like the rhetoric of Dickens and Charlotte Brontë. Classical rhetoric was fundamentally

sane, aiming not at ornament for its own sake, but at clarity, logic, persuasiveness. At its humblest, it produced verse that scanned and prose that explained itself; at its highest, it produced the *Republic*, the *Somnium Scipionis*, the *Aeneid*, and the *De Civitate Dei*.

W. H. SHEWRING.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. By G. J. MacGillivray, M.A.
THOUGHTS FROM ST. BENEDICT. By Maurice Leahy.
THOUGHTS OF BL. LOUISE DE MARILLAC. By M. L. S.
(Burns Oates and Washbourne.)

WE have here three new publications which can advantageously be grouped together, since they all three direct our thoughts into the same channel, that of personal perfection. It may possibly be asked why we should need new books of this nature when we have already at our disposal quite a number on this particular subject, and by authors whose very names are sufficient guarantee of their value. Fr. MacGillivray anticipates and answers such a question in the preface of his book. "I am not aware of any simple popular book in English which deals specifically with the Christian virtues, and there seemed to be a need for one. That is the reason why this book has been written." To popularize theology is undoubtedly no mean feat, and only those who take the trouble to read Fr. MacGillivray's book can really judge whether or not he has succeeded. But he has certainly produced a very readable volume, with the firm foundation of the Angelic Doctor to support his structure.

We place *The Christian Virtues* first, not because we presume to adjudge it a work of greater significance than the other two, but, firstly, because it is dimensionally a more important work, and, secondly, because its subject matter seems to us an admirable introduction to the smaller books.

The first part of this book deals rightly with the Theological Virtues, which are obviously the starting-point for any such discussion. And the second part is devoted to the Cardinal Virtues, which, as we learn from our Catechism, are, as it were, the hinges on which all other moral virtues turn. At the very outset Fr. Mac-

Gillivray gives us a satisfyingly definite reason for the division of his book into these two parts. He reminds us that the natural virtues are traditionally classified under the four Cardinal Virtues, and, important as these natural virtues may be in the lives of those who have cultivated them, they are circumscribed by the fact that they are *natural* virtues, and the practice of the natural virtues alone can never lead anyone to heaven. For natural virtues can be meritorious before God only when they become supernatural. In other words, the natural virtues must always remain on the low level of earth, until they are fortified by the greater virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Theological Virtues. An exposition such as this, in language which all will understand, cannot but fill a long-felt want, and Fr. MacGillivray must be congratulated even if he has only succeeded in attempting this. This is not a book to be merely read in a light moment; it must be read over and over again, and digested at leisure. It is not heavy reading, but it is deep reading, and cannot be assimilated all at once. It should prove a useful book for retreats and days of recollection.

Mr. Maurice Leahy's little book has the advantage of a very enlightening foreword by Fr. T. A. Agius, O.S.B. The rules of religious orders are primarily for those who receive a call from God to dedicate themselves to His service in some order approved by the Church. It would seem then a little rash to present such a rule as that of St. Benedict to the ordinary layman. But presented, as it is in this little book, in a kind of tabloid form, we cannot but approve of the compiler's purpose, in so far as he has selected his excerpts wisely and readably with an eye to general utility. It would not occur, perhaps, to many to labour through the Rule of St. Benedict; much in it is not for the average layman—might even baffle or discourage him. But given in this form of daily thoughts it should make some sort of appeal to many classes of reader, and benefit not a few, even among those whose paths lie very far removed from the solitude of Benedictine abbeys.

For those, however, who might find this particular

book of daily thoughts a little too strong a meat for their souls, there is the third, somewhat analagous, book of this group, *Thoughts of Blessed Louise de Marillac*, the recently canonized co-founder with St. Vincent de Paul of the Sisters of Charity. The compiler of this little book, who prefers to remain anonymous behind the initials M. L. S., has collected from "The Relics of her Spirit" many helpful thoughts, which should be sources of encouragement and consolation to several whose vocation may in no sense be that of those for whom the words were first intended.

In fine, these three publications may be confidently recommended to all who are striving for that personal perfection which is the aim of all true Christians.

JOHN LAMBKIN, O. C. D.

PATMORE: A STUDY IN POETRY. By Frederick Page. (Oxford University Press.)

THOUGH Coventry Patmore is not among the first rank of poets, his place among the immortals is secure. Already the domestic garb of his earlier work does not blind us as much as it did to the profundities hidden beneath it. For it is a profound and, for a Victorian poet a daring, view of sex as the reflection and symbol of the union between the soul and God which, from first to last, was Patmore's message. If the Angel in the House offends us by an early Victorian façade, the Unknown Eros was too strong meat for the Victorians, to whom, despite their many claims upon our admiration and gratitude in other spheres, Eros, profane or sacred, was in truth an unknown or at least an unrecognized divinity. So Patmore failed to receive his due either from his contemporaries or their successors. Still less was the fundamental identity of doctrine between the earlier and later poetry perceived, though the Preludes in "The Angel" make it sufficiently clear. Mr. Page's welcome book proves it to the hilt. A poem earlier than "The Angel in the House" and neglected even of Patmore's admirers, "Tamerton Church Tower", is carefully studied by Mr. Page. I had, I must confess, put the poem aside as unimportant and immature. Mr. Page has opened my

eyes. There is incidentally an excellent statement of what Patmore understood by contemplation and his insistence upon its supreme importance for the perception of truth (pp. 38-9). Not the least important part of his message to us.

I am, however, disposed to find a deflection from the main line of the poet's philosophy in a view which undoubtedly appears in work of his middle period, e.g. in the contract and in the scheme quoted at length by Mr. Page for a projected poem on the Marriage between Our Lady and St. Joseph. It is the view that the perfect marriage is virginal. The case of Our Lady was obviously exceptional. Normally those called to sacred virginity and not forced into marriage should leave the sphere of sex completely: the entire trend of Patmore's thought leads to the conclusion that the corporeal union between man and woman is the symbol of the spiritual but real union, physical also in the metaphysical sense, between the soul and God. Where Mr. Page sees Patmore's most authentic thought, I see its illogical distortion, the effect, I believe, of an external influence, the influence of his second wife. Mr. Page's final chapter on Patmore as a master of metre is also very illuminating in another sphere. It will repay careful study by all who are interested in the rather neglected study of English prosody.

THE BUDDHA AND THE CHRIST. By Canon Burnett Hillman Streeter, D.D. (Macmillan and Co.)

So far as Buddha and Buddhism are concerned these lectures are valuable and useful. I have often wished to obtain some clear notion of the meaning of Zen Buddhism. The perusal some years ago of a lengthy book by a Japanese left me in the dark. The Provost of Queens's short account has, for the first time, given me an idea what it is all about. Unfortunately the author is far less successful in his treatment of Christ and Christianity. His Christ is substantially the entirely unhistorical figure invented by nineteenth-century Liberal Protestantism. Anything in Christianity which he dislikes is put down so conveniently to the corruptions of a superstitious

ecclesiasticism. Evidence exists only to be explained away. "Christ," we read (p. 288) "*did* object to the resurrection of the body—on purely religious grounds." To prove that Our Lord did not believe in the resurrection of the body Canon Streeter appeals to His reply to an argument of the Sadducees against the doctrine. When the Sadducees raised a difficulty as to sexual relations in the Resurrection life, Jesus pointed out that there would be none. "Neque nubent neque nubentur." Is a body without sexuality impossible? A man who can force his own views upon an historical document in the teeth of its plainest statements is no reliable guide to its meaning. Any Buddhist who gets his idea of the gospel from Canon Streeter will be sorely misled. Nor is the Provost any more reliable in his account of Christian beliefs later. "Local deities became Christian saints." Mgr. Hollweck, in his comprehensive dictionary of the Saints, gives, if my memory is not at fault, one instance of this, an obscure local saint of the Tyrol, and even here he may have been misled by his sources. The attempts of Usener and others to find transmogrified gods in the Saints has been more than disproved. The contention, for example, that Pelagia and Marina are Aphrodites has been conclusively refuted by Père Delahaye (*Légendes Hagiographiques*), and in the August volume of Thurston's Butler the attempt to make of SS. Florus and Laurus and Helena (August 18) the Dioscuri and Helen christianized is proved to be a ludicrous absurdity. Canon Streeter gaily mentions as a certain fact what has been proved untrue. In honesty it must be admitted that in this he has too many Catholic colleagues—men who persist in reaffirming exploded legends as pious beliefs. But the Provost prides himself precisely on the rational and scientific criticism of the Modernist. Again we are told that our "rude" Saxon ancestors thought of the divinity as in some sense actually present in the image (p. 126). What proof has he of this? What theologian of those ages, however dark and rude, countenanced such a belief? If Our Lady and the Saints were believed on occasion to use an image as a vehicle of miracle or manifestation they were no more believed therefore to reside in it

than I am believed to reside in the telegraph wires that convey my message. And by contrast with this "rude" credulity there is a tone of complacent superiority as to our modern education—the education which makes our contemporaries swallow any lie that a government, Fascist or Communist, in control of the means of propaganda, chooses to circulate! Were our rude and unenlightened forefathers more credulous when they believed in some ill-attested legend or miracle than the modern Russians when they believe that the Metro-Vickers engineers tried to sabotage their own work, or the modern Germans when they believe that the Communists set fire to the Reichstag? The English Reformation according to Canon Streeter was carried out—this is the only meaning I can put on the context taken as a whole—by "putting faith in the judgment of living persons . . . felt to be representative of the higher corporate spirit of the Community". Bluff King Hal, Good Queen Bess, Protector Somerset and Northumberland, Cromwell, Cranmer, Burleigh, Walsingham. Many of these no doubt possessed consummate statecraft, but can the author regard any of them as representative of the *higher* corporate spirit of the community? Or did Thomas More, Cardinal Fisher, the Carthusians, Cardinal Pole, and Edmund Campion represent a "lower" spirit?

The Provost shows considerable distrust of philosophy. The truth about reality, he tells us, is reached by two parallel avenues, positive science and religion. But metaphysics alone can co-ordinate the deliverances of both. On the other hand the unenlightened mediaevalist is blamed for not being philosophical enough. "In Europe in the Middle Ages . . . authority reigned supreme . . . in the sphere of . . . philosophy" (p. 235). Has Canon Streeter never heard of St. Thomas's dictum that in matters of human knowledge as opposed to revelation, among which, of course, he included philosophy, "the argument from authority is the weakest of all arguments"? Of the wide divergence between mediaeval philosophers—for example between St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas, both Doctors of the Church? And even in the case of the physical sciences, also accord-

ing to Canon Streeter entirely authoritarian, Dante, voicing no doubt the accepted belief, proclaims not authority but experiment the source of truth (*Paradiso*, canto ii.) Certainly no mediaeval philosopher could have ascribed pain, an obvious imperfection, as Canon Streeter does, to the Absolute All-perfect Godhead. For his account of Buddhism I am under a debt to these lectures. The treatment of Christianity is both unhistorical and based on a totally inadequate metaphysic.

NEWMAN AND HIS FRIENDS. By Henry Tristram, of the Oratory, London. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.) To call Fr. Tristram's book charming, though true, would be misleading. For the term would not do justice to the distinction which is the outstanding quality of his style and treatment. The dignity, the gravitas, the classical manner, now comparatively rare but so characteristic of Newman, lives on in this book, the cultural inheritance of his Oratorian heir. It was a mellower culture, this Tractarian culture of which Newman was the greatest exponent, than the culture, if culture it may be called, of our faster and more fevered age; and we are glad to breathe here its surviving atmosphere. Fr. Tristram had the happy thought of collecting Newman's dedications and telling in brief the circumstances under which they were composed and the biography of their recipients. These dedications condense into the shortest compass the quintessence of Newman's literary art. They fall into two classes. There are those which reproduce the style of a monumental inscription and which Fr. Tristram therefore aptly terms lapidary. And there are those which take the form of a letter, the epistolary. Of the two I prefer the lapidary. The extreme conciseness necessitates so careful a choice of the few words which can be used that they achieve a perfection of language. Consider the aptness of the dedication to Dr. Routh of Magdalen, the octogenarian link between the High Churchmen of the eighteenth century and the Tractarian revival: "To Martin Joseph Routh, D.D., President of Magdalen College, who has been reserved to report to a forgetful generation what

was the theology of their fathers"; or the delicate personal tributes in which the representative of a school, regarded, and justly, as more reserved and austere than our contemporaries, displays an affection we would shrink from uttering: "To my dear and much admired Isaac Williams . . . the sight of whom carries back his friends to ancient, holy and happy times"; "To William John Copeland . . . the kindest of friends whose nature it is to feel for others more than they feel for themselves." "Out of the strong came forth sweet." If Newman had a genius for style he had also a genius for friendship, and these dedications gave equal scope for both. It is pleasant to find as we turn these pages over that the charm of Newman's friendship was able finally to surmount, if only in part, the separations caused by his conversion, and that most of his Anglican friends met him again after years of parting. He even visited and surely consoled the death-bed of Mark Pattison. The official biography of Newman was obliged to relate at length the controversies and estrangements, the misunderstandings and suspicions, which so darkened his life. Hence an inevitable impression of frustration and bitterness. Fr. Tristram's pleasanter by-path is a valuable corrective. We hear far more of friendship than hostility, of reunion than estrangement. And all is steeped in the august serenity of a heart whose tenderest and strongest affections are anchored in God. The reader of this book can hardly escape the impression that the author had himself been one of Newman's friends. So well has he caught and conveyed the spirit of that privileged intercourse.

THE LIFE OF FATHER AUGUSTINE BAKER, O.S.B.
(1575-1641). By Fr. Peter Salvin and Fr. Serenus Cressy. Edited by Dom Justin McCann, O.S.B.
(Burns Oates and Washbourne.)

FR. BAKER's way of prayer was not the inappropriate inaccuracy with which its friends and foes designated the method of spirituality which Fr. Augustine Baker, least revolutionary of men, had learnt from his study and practice of the great Catholic mystics. It was not

inappropriate, because Fr. Baker was no mere compiler and transmitter. When he was reproducing most faithfully the doctrine of others he was giving it the stamp of a strongly individual personality, and setting it in the light of his own experience of mystical prayer. It is the traditional spirituality of the masters of prayer which he is giving us. Yet it is not the same. He drew largely for example from St. John of the Cross, and the Saint would have heartily endorsed his teaching. Yet their work is a world apart, as unlike as the extreme climate and austere landscape of Castile is unlike the temperate climate and soft beauty of Fr. Baker's native land. The identical way of prayer which in so many Continental exponents seems strange, bewildering exotic, moving from an asceticism which strikes us as inhuman to a rapture so passionate that its language would be unreal on the lips even of the majority of devout souls, is here set before us with such simplicity, calm and moderation of manner, that it could not dismay the most timid spirit. This is, indeed, the distinctive quality of the English school of mystical theology of which Fr. Baker was a disciple. It is the quality of "The Cloud of Unknowing" on which he commented, of "The Scale of Perfection" which he modernized. But into this English tradition Fr. Baker incorporated the fuller and more methodical doctrine of the Continental mystics. The result is a richer and more complete corpus of mystical teaching in which the old spirit has received an ampler embodiment. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." A free obedience to the inspirations of the inner director, the Holy Ghost, was the fundamental principle of Fr. Baker's teaching. And he was equally insistent upon the introversion and passivity of soul by which alone these inspirations could be heard.

E. I. WATKIN.

